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THE NEGRO AMERICAN
SERIES

A
BOOKER
T.
WASHINGTON
SCHOOL

by

EMMA E. AKIN
Supervisor of
Elementary Grades
Drumright, Okla.

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This book is dedicated
to America's Negro Boys and Girls.

WHY THIS BOOK WAS MADE

Boys and girls, this book was made to help you learn more about your own people. You will enjoy seeing the real pictures of Negro children and Negro leaders.

You will be proud of the Negro race and of the many fine things your people are doing. You will want your school to be as much like the Booker T. Washington School as you can make it.

Try to remember some of the things Mr. Booker T. Washington told his people.

This book will tell you something about what it means to be a good American citizen.

You will like the stories of friendship between black and white people. You will learn that even a small child can do much for his home and his race.

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September

Bells are ringing,
Happiness bringing;
Children are singing,
School time is here!

A New School

John Henry Jackson was not happy. His father had found work in town, and had moved his family from the farm.

John Henry did not like the town. He had no friends there. He missed the trees and flowers. He missed the birds and animals. Most of all, he missed his teacher and his school friends.

“I do not want to go to a new school,” he said. “I



want my own school.”

John Henry's mother wanted him to be happy.

“Have you shined your shoes?” she asked. “Be sure to brush your hair. Put on this pretty new shirt, and tie your tie carefully. There! How well you look! I am proud of you, John Henry. Now run along to school. The boys and girls will say, ‘Who is that new boy? He looks clean and neat. We want to know him.’”

John Henry said, “You are a good moth-



er. I feel better now. I am ready to go to school." And away he ran.

The teacher met him at the door. She said, "Good morning! My name is Mrs. Johnson. I teach the third grade."

John Henry told Mrs. Johnson his name. He gave her the card he had brought from his other school. She asked him to find a seat where he could be quite comfortable. Then she said,

"Boys and girls, shall we play a game that will help us know each other better?"

"That will be fun!" the children said.

"First, each of us will stand and tell his name so that all can hear," said Mrs. Johnson. "Listen carefully! In the next part of the game you will need to remember the voice as well as the face."

When all the children had told their

names, Mrs. Johnson said, "Helen, you may go to the front of the room and hide your eyes."

Then Mrs. Johnson whispered something to Harold. He said, "Good-morning, Helen."

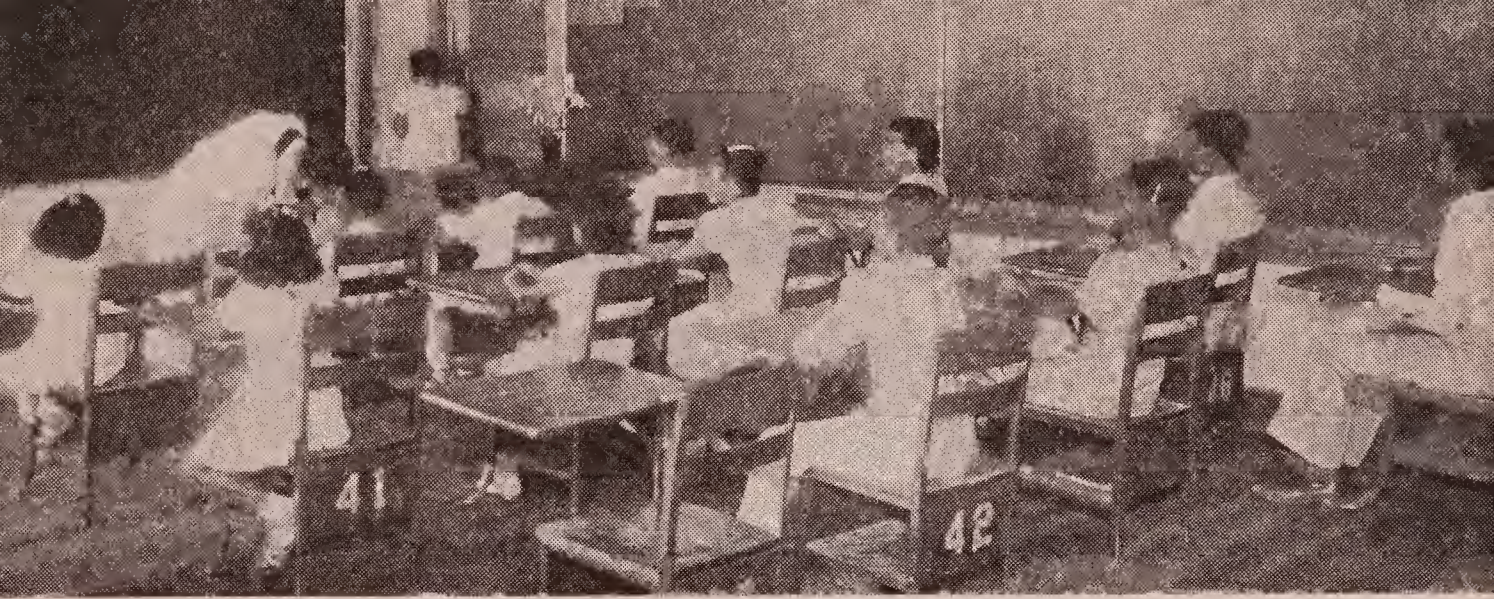
Helen turned around and looked at all the boys and girls. She said, "It was Horace. Good-morning, Horace."

The boys and girls laughed. "It was not Horace," they answered.

"You may have two more guesses," said Mrs. Johnson.

"May I hear him again?" asked Helen. She turned her back and hid her eyes once more.

Harold said, "Good-morning, Helen."
She turned around with a smile and said,



“Good-morning, Harold! I knew you that time.”

The boys and girls laughed and clapped their hands. “That is a fine game,” they cried.

When John Henry’s turn came, he guessed right the first time. Every one seemed happy because he guessed so well. They clapped and clapped for him.

After the game, the teacher told them a story. It was a story of a little boy and his dog.

The children liked the story very much.

They said, "That is a good story, Mrs. Johnson. Will you tell us another good story?"

"Not today," replied Mrs. Johnson. "It is time to go home. Before you go, I shall give each of you a list of books you will need. Take the list home to your mothers. Try to get your books today. We shall use them tomorrow. There will be no school this afternoon."



“Why do we not have school this afternoon?” asked Helen.

“We can not have school without books,” Horace said.

“That is right, Horace,” said Mrs. Johnson.

“Good-bye, Mrs. Johnson,” the children said. “Good-bye till nine o’clock tomorrow.”

“Good-bye,” said Mrs. Johnson. “I shall look for all of you in the morning.”

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

1. Why did John Henry not like the town?
2. How did his mother help?
3. Which do you like better, the farm or the town? Why do you like it better?
4. Play the Good-morning Game.

5. Name the children in the story.

6. Which two words in this group describe John Henry's teacher best?

cross

helpful

pretty

kind

tall

little

7. What would you call John Henry's mother?

8. What would you call John Henry's father?

9. In the Good-morning game, who guessed right the first time he tried?

Lunch Time

When John Henry came home for lunch he looked happy.

“Mother!” he called, “I like the new school. I know the teacher now. Her name is Mrs. Johnson. She let us play a game.

It was a name game. It helped us learn the names of the other boys and girls.”

“Tell me about it,” said Mrs. Jackson.

“Wait until Father comes home. Then we can play the game,” answered John Henry.

“That will be more fun. I must wash my hands now. I think I shall always wash my hands



before I eat.”

John Henry took some warm water. He found some soap. He washed and dried his hands carefully. He cleaned his nails, too.

When he had brushed his hair and straightened his tie, he said,

“Now, I am ready for lunch.”

He stood behind his mother’s chair. He held the chair back from the table so that she could sit in it. Then he went to his place. He laid his napkin on his lap. He used his fork in eating the warm meat and vegetables. He took small bites and ate the food slowly. He drank his milk quietly.

When he had finished eating, he said,



“That was a good lunch, Mother.”

“Thank you, John Henry,” replied his mother. “I am glad you liked it. You are a polite boy today.”

“Yes,” laughed John Henry. “Mrs. Johnson told us a story about being polite. It is a funny story, but it made me remember to be clean and polite. May I tell you about it?”

“Please do tell me,” answered his mother.

“It is a story of a little boy and his dog. It is called the Palace of Politeness,” said John Henry.

The Palace of Politeness

Once there was a little boy whose name was so hard to remember that his family called him Brother. Because he was the only boy in the family, he always knew who was wanted when he heard any one say, "Brother." He lived with his mother, his father, and his three sisters.

He often heard his family talk of a place called the Palace of Politeness. He asked a great many questions about the Palace. "It must be a fine place," he thought. "I will try to go there."



A big brother would have gone with him to hunt through the woods for the Palace; but he had no brothers. His sisters always smiled when he asked them to help him. They said, "Some day, if you try and try, you may find the way to the beautiful Palace of Politeness."

Brother went into the woods every day to look for the path that led to the Palace. He asked the birds and the animals if they knew where to find it. They always looked hard at him but said nothing. He asked the fish in the stream that ran through the forest. They only





fanned their tails faster
and went deeper into the
water.

One day Brother climbed
a tall tree. He thought he
might see the Palace from
the top of the tree. Just as
he came to the highest
branch, and was getting
ready to look out over the
tree-tops, something hap-
pened! He heard a snap.
Then he began to fall down,
down, down. He
tried to catch the
branches as he
fell but he
was going

too fast. At last one of the tree's big arms reached out and took hold of his trousers. It held him high up in the air. He jumped and kicked! He shouted and called! All at once he heard his trousers tear, and before he knew what had happened, he found himself on the ground under the big tree.

A little gray rabbit came down the path. It jumped aside to keep from being hit by the falling boy.

Soon a family of squirrels came down the path. They were laughing and talking.

Next, Brother's own dog, Zip, came by. Zip did not see his master. His head was near the ground and he followed his nose with a trot, trot, trot.

"Here, Zip! Here, Zip! Come here!" called Brother. Zip did not seem to hear. He put his nose to the ground and trotted on.

“Where can they be going in such a hurry?” thought the boy. “I shall follow them and see.”

The bushes were thick. The path was not wide. Sometimes it was hard to find the way. At last Brother came to a place where he had to get down on his knees and crawl under the bushes on the hard rocks. It was dark there but he could see light ahead. Suddenly he stopped:

“What a surprise!

What a surprise!

Can I believe

My own two eyes?”

Right in front of him stood a beautiful green palace. Its color was so much like the green of the trees that no one could ever have found it if he had not been quite near and looking for the Palace.



Brother came to the Palace just in time to watch Zip trot right through the front door without knocking.

“Here, Zip!” he called, “Come back here!”

Zip did not seem to hear. He was still following his nose.

Brother looked through the window. He saw a long table covered with a clean white cloth. Lunch was ready. But what a strange lunch! And what a strange family!

There were Father and Mother Cotton-

tail; Peter Rabbit and the Four Little Cotton-tails; Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and the Squirrel Twins; Sly Fox and Smiling Old Brother 'Possum; the Three Little Kittens that lost their mittens and many other prominent forest folks.

They all stood politely behind the chairs around the table. Just at that minute Brother saw Grandmother Turtle crawl slowly to the head of the table. Peter Rabbit pulled back her chair and she was getting ready to sit on it, when Zip followed his nose right into the room.

“Fine! Fine! Fine!” he barked loudly. “My nose told me which way to go. I’m just in time for lunch.”

He trotted up to the table and chased Pussy Cat out of her place. Every one looked at Zip in a queer way. His tongue was hang-

ing out of his mouth. His face was dirty. His hair was not brushed. His nails were long and rough. Oh, my! He was in no condition to come to a clean table!

Grandmother Turtle hid her face under her shell shawl and said, "Will some one please take him out and wash him? I can not bear to look at him. I shall not show my face again while that dirty dog is here. Where did he learn such manners? Out with him! Out with him!"

Kind Mother Goose took Zip by the paw and led him from the room. They were gone a long time. The others stood still behind their chairs and waited.

At last they heard the soft patter, patter of Zip's feet as he trotted down the hall. Mother Goose came in all out of breath from

trying to waddle fast enough to keep up with Zip.

Grandmother Turtle put her head out of her shell shawl just far enough to see how Zip looked. She blinked her eyes in surprise. His face was clean! His nails were even. His coat was smooth!

Without a word, Grandmother Turtle sat in her chair at the head of the table. Zip jumped into place between Big Pig and Little Billy Goat Gruff. Oh, how he did act!

While Father Bear said a little prayer, all the other forest folk bowed their heads and folded their front feet. But Zip was no sooner seated than he began to reach for this and for that. By the time Father Bear had finished the prayer, Zip's plate was full and his mouth was running over. He took big bites and swallowed them whole. Then he be-

gan calling loudly for more food. What he did not get and could not reach, he crawled after.

He knocked his fork and spoon off the table. He ate the meat and vegetables right out of the bowls. He upset his milk and lapped it off his chair with his tongue. He threw the eggs on the floor, saying, "I don't like eggs."

He ate so much that the other animals did not have enough. When he had eaten all he wanted, he jumped down from the table and trotted out to play without even saying "Thank you" or "Excuse me."

Brother was so ashamed of Zip! He thought to himself, "I must teach him to be more polite. Imagine acting like that! Why I don't act that way, even at home. Oh, to think my dog would be so rude in the Palace

of Politeness! Why, manners like that will disgrace my whole family!”

SOMETHING TO DO

1. Count the polite things John Henry did at lunch time.
2. Tell which of these you do at home.
3. What did Zip do that was not polite?
4. Where do you put your napkin when you eat?
5. For what do you use your knife?
6. For what do you use your fork?
7. For what do you use your spoon?
8. What do you do if you upset your milk?
9. How do you ask for food?
10. What do you say when you want to leave the table?

11. Do you thank your mother for a good lunch? Why?

12. Do you say, "I don't like this"?

Buying Books

“We must go to town,” said Mrs. Jackson. “Do you have a list of the books your teacher wants you to buy?”

“Yes, Mother,” replied John Henry. “Here is the list. It is a long one. Will it cost much money?”

His mother said, “I hope the books will not cost much money. Your father has had only one pay day. I have only five dollars to spend to-day.”

Mrs. Jackson put her hat on. She looked in her purse to be sure the five dollar bill was there. Then she said, “Are you ready, John Henry? It is time to go.”



John Henry opened the door for her. He waited until she was outside. Then he came out behind her.

He walked on the side nearest the street all the way to town. When they came to a street crossing, he watched for the green light. There were no lights, so he looked up the street and down the street. No cars were coming. John Henry said, "It is safe for us to cross."

On the way to town, they met one of the



girls from his room at school. John Henry tipped his cap and smiled.

She smiled and said, "Good-afternoon, John Henry."

He said, "Good-afternoon, Betty."

"You are making friends in a hurry," said his mother. "How did you know her name?"

"The game we played at school helped," replied John Henry. "But here we are at the book store."

John Henry opened the door and let his mother go in first. He took off his cap and held it in his hand while he was in the store. Many people were there. They all wanted to buy books. John Henry and his mother waited a long time.

At last the man who sold the books said to them, "What can I do for you?"



John Henry gave the list to his mother. She said, "We want the books on this list, please."

John Henry wanted to help add the bill. He thought adding was fun. As the man put

each book on the table, John Henry asked the cost, and wrote it on a piece of paper. His paper looked like this:

Reader	\$.52
Arithmetic	.39
Speller	.22
Language	.44
Tablet	.05
Pencil	.05
Crayolas	.10
Drawing Paper	.10
Paste	.05

The man who sold the books put a pretty blue paper around them. He told Mrs. Jackson the cost. She gave him the five dollar bill.

John Henry had added the bill. He knew

how much change the man should give his mother.

THINGS TO DO

1. Can you find how much John Henry's books cost?
2. Which cost less, the reader or the paste?
3. Play that you are the man. Count the change to your teacher as you think he counted it.
4. Can you find out how much your own books cost?
5. Which cost more, John Henry's books or your books?

New Books

John Henry was pleased with his new books. He wanted to look at them as soon as he reached home. He had never owned a language book before. He had never owned an arithmetic. He thought, "I will study my arithmetic first."

In his haste, he opened the book quickly. It did not stay open. He pulled it wide open and pressed hard. Snap! The book's back was broken.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" he said.

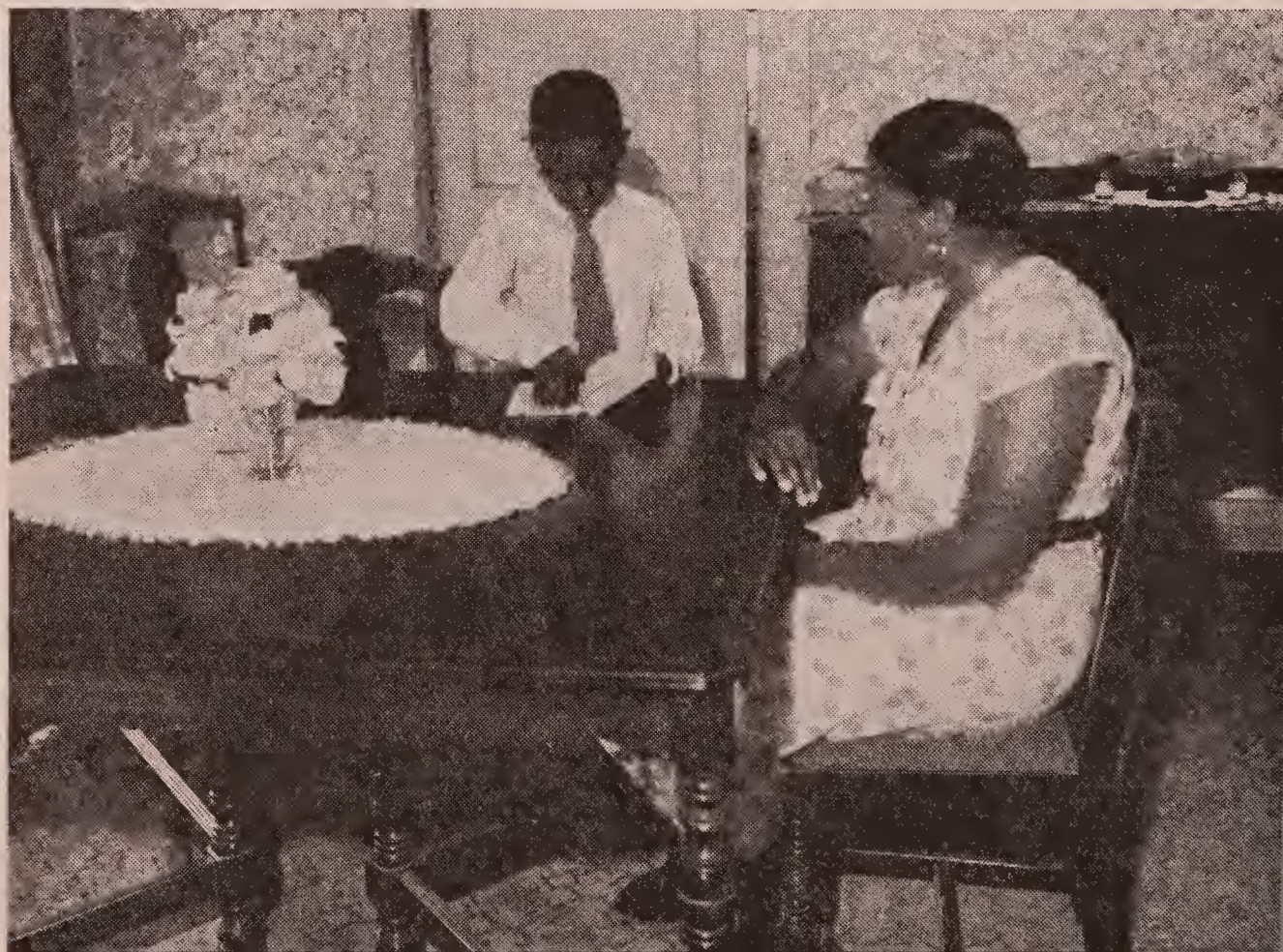
Mrs. Jackson sat down beside him. She was not cross. As he handed her the book a piece of paper fell to the floor. "Look!" cried his mother. "This paper tells how to open a new book. Let us see if we can follow direc-

tions and open the book as it says to do. Can you read what it tells us to do?"

John Henry read the directions from the paper. Then he tried to remember them as he opened one of the books.

"First," said John Henry, "Lay the book flat on the table with the back cover next to the table."

"Second, lift all of the book but the back



cover from the table and crease very carefully along the part where the back cover joins the book.”

John Henry’s mother sat quietly and watched him as he learned to open his new book. She felt proud to know that he could read and follow directions so well.

“Third,” said John Henry, “close the book. Turn it over so that the front cover will lie flat on the table. Now, lift all the book but the front cover and crease along the place where the front cover joins the book.”

John Henry’s mother sat very still and watched him. She wanted him to open the book alone.

“Fourth, lay the book with both the front cover and the back cover flat on the table.

“Turn five or six pages from the front



and crease carefully near the place where the pages join each other.

“Turn five or six more pages and crease in the same way.

“Do this until all the book has been opened and creased.”

“That is fun!” said John Henry. “See how easily the book opens now? I shall open

all my new books that way. There will be no more broken backs in my book family."

"How many new books do you have, John Henry?" asked his mother.

"Let me think. I have an arithmetic, a reader, a language, and a speller. That makes four new books. My, My! What a library I have!"

"Once," said his mother, "there was a boy who never had a book until he was about nine years old. This boy loved books. When he became a man he wrote books. Have you heard of him?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"He missed some fun when he was little," said John Henry. "Tell me about him."

"At the time he was born, there were no schools for colored children. This little boy often carried books to school for his master.

Sometimes he looked into the school room and saw the white boys and girls reading their books. He thought, 'How good it must be to go to school! Some day I will go to school, too. I will learn to read books and papers. Then I shall be happy.'

"But he was quite a large boy before his mother could get even one book for him. His first book was not a new book, at that. It had no pretty pictures and no good stories in it. There were no numbers to add and subtract. You might have thought it was not an interesting book at all. It was only an old blue-back speller with A,B,C's and such strange little words as 'ab,' 'ba,' 'ca.' They look like baby talk to us don't they?

"But this boy had wanted a book for many, many years. This was his very own book. It made him happy.

“He thought that the way to begin to learn to read was to study the A,B,C’s. There was no one to help him. His mother and father could not read. His brothers could not read. His friends could not read. He did not have a teacher. What could he do?

“He looked at the letters and tried to remember them. He thought of them as he worked in the salt mines all day long. He often closed his eyes and tried to imagine just how they looked. They were such strange black marks on white paper. Some of them looked like bugs. Others seemed more like little snakes.

“When he came home from work, tired and hungry, he sat on the dirt floor of his cabin and drew pictures of the





queer little letters.
He had no paper
and no slate. He
had no pencil.
What do you think

he did? He wrote on the dirt floor with a stick!

“Booker wanted, so much, to learn to read. He often dreamed of the A,B,C’s at night. During the day, whenever he had time, he would draw one of the strange letters on the ground. ‘What is this?’ or ‘Is this an A or a D?’ he would ask any one who happened to be near.

“The men at the salt mines soon learned not to be surprised when he asked them about letters and words. At last he learned the A,B,C’s. But that was only the beginning.

• “He kept on trying until he had learned

to read. A few years later, when a young man came to the little town and began teaching school, Booker was one of his very best pupils. He could not understand why Booker read so much better than the others. It was hard to believe that this boy had not gone to school before."

"Who was the boy who taught himself to read, Mother?" asked John Henry.

"His name was Booker T. Washington," answered Mrs. Jackson.

"Oh, I know about him," said John Henry. "He is the man who became a great teacher. He taught our people how to make better farms and better homes."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jackson. "He taught us that it is no disgrace to work if we do our work well, and if we are clean and honest. He thought no one could be happy unless he

worked to make others happy, too.

“But he taught us to love books, and to read them when our work is done. When he was a young man, he began building a library for himself. He bought as many books as he could. He always took care of his books because he believed them to be very good friends.

“When Mr. Washington became a man he wrote some books. In one of them he said:



“ ‘The happiest people are those who do the most to make others useful and happy.’ ”

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which two words best describe John Henry's mother?

happy

helpful

tall

kind

careful

grand

friendly

cross

2. Which word tells the book John Henry liked best?

Reader Speller Language Arithmetic

3. Is it better to open a new book quickly or carefully?

4. Who taught Booker T. Washington the A,B,C's?

5. Which word names Mr. Washington's first book?

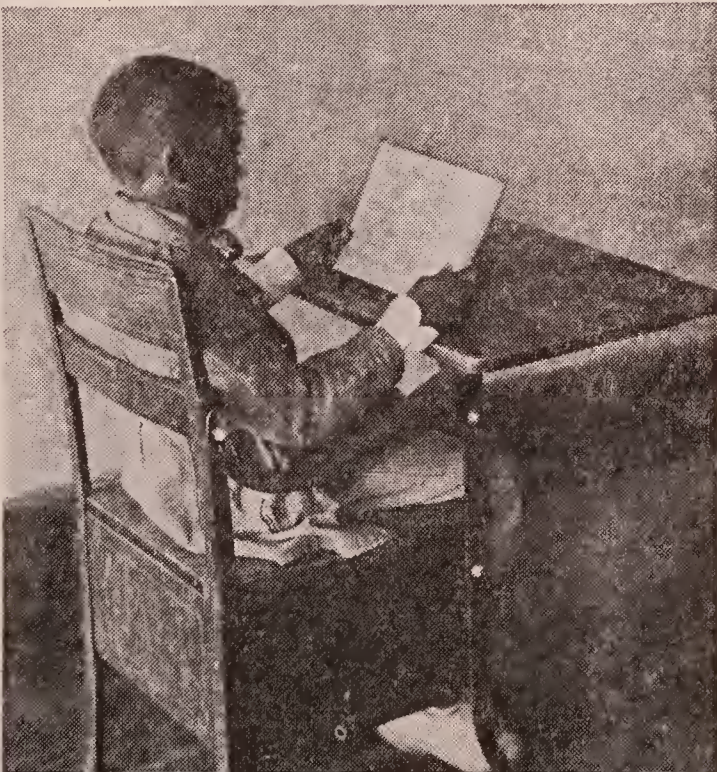
Arithmetic Speller Language Reader

6. How do you open a new book?
7. What would you do if you had no teacher?
8. What makes people happy?

A Book

A good book looks you in the face.
It does not ask what fame or disgrace,
What manners of grace, what garments of
lace,
What station or place you hold in life's race.

A good book speaks of friendly cheer.
Its silent voice is pleasing to hear.
It dries your tear and quiets your fear,
Or moves you to think and work, my dear.



More About Booker T. Washington

“Look! Here comes Father!” cried John Henry. “Why is he coming home so early? Can he be ill?”

“No, John Henry,” said Mrs. Jackson. “It is five o’clock. Your father comes home every day at five o’clock. We have been so busy talking and looking at your new books that we forgot everything else. Time always



flies faster when we are busy and happy.”

“I must show Father my new books,” said John Henry.

“And I must cook Father some dinner,” laughed Mrs. Jackson. “He is always hungry after a hard day’s work.”

“I think I am hungry, too,” said John Henry. “I believe buying new books and learning how to take care of them must be a hard day’s work for a boy like me. Will we have a good dinner?”

Before Mrs. Jackson could answer, Mr. Jackson was at the front door. John Henry ran to meet his father. “I will take your lunch basket to the kitchen,” he said. “You must be tired after working all day.”

Mr. Jackson was pleased. “Thank you,” he said. “I am tired; but a good bath will make me feel like a new man.”

While John Henry was helping his father fill the tub with clean, warm water, Mr.



Jackson said, “Booker T. Washington did not know what it meant to take a bath when he was little, but when he was a man he would not let a day go by without taking a bath. He told his students over and over that people would excuse them for being poor, but not for being dirty. He said, ‘You can not stay in my school if

you do not take a bath and use your tooth brush every day.’ ”

“Mother and I were talking of Mr.



W a s h i n g -
ton this after-
noon. He must
h a v e b e e n a
f i n e m a n. I
w a n t t o l e a r n
m o r e a b o u t

him,” said John Henry.

Mrs. Jackson was in the kitchen. John Henry called to her, “Mother, I will set the table for you if you will tell me more about Mr. Booker T. Washington.”

His mother answered, “When Booker T. Washington was your age, he had no table to set. He lived in a little log cabin on a large farm. There was only one room in his house. The floor was of dirt. The one little window had no glass in it. There was one broken door, and one cat-hole. His mother had no

stove, no dishes, no knives and forks. She had a few tin pans and cups. She cooked over an open fireplace.

“Of course the family did not sit down to eat together as we do. They were too busy. Little Booker was given some corn bread and perhaps a piece of fat meat when his mother could find time to get it for him. Later in the day he might get a cup of milk. At another time he ate a potato if one could be found.

“He sat on the floor and ate from the pan or pot. He picked up the food with his fingers.

“On Sunday morning his mother always brought down a little molasses from the ‘big house.’ What a treat! Booker would get his little tin plate. He would sit very still with his eyes closed while his mother poured the molasses into his plate.”

“Why did he close his eyes, Mother?” asked John Henry.

“It was a game he played with himself. When he opened his eyes he always tried to make himself think he was surprised to see how much he had! It was never more than two spoonfuls; but he would tip his plate this way and that way to make it spread all over. He thought he had more molasses, and that it lasted longer, when he spread it all over the plate. Molasses tasted better than anything else in the world. How he did wish that every day could be Sunday.

“As soon as he was large enough, Booker always went at meal times to the ‘big house’ to fan the flies from the table while



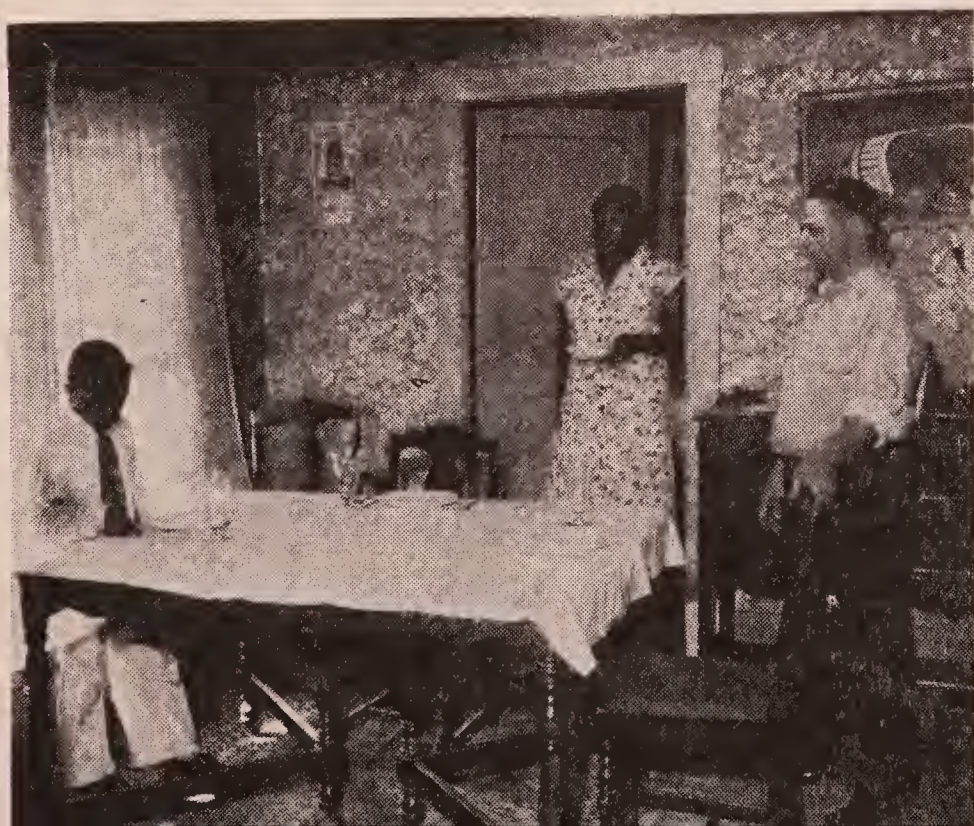


the white folks ate. There he saw the clean white tablecloth and the pretty dishes. He watched his masters lift the food to their mouths with forks. Often he became so interested in the way they ate that he forgot to fan the flies away. But at a word from the white folks, he would start the long paper-

strip fans moving back and forth over the long table.

“As Booker watched his white folks eat, he made a promise to himself: ‘I am going to learn to eat like that. I am sure the food must taste better. It makes my mouth water just to see the good things in those beautiful clean dishes. When I am a man, I will have a table and chairs. I will have pretty dishes and knives and forks.’ ”

At this moment, Mr. Jackson came into



the room. "I am almost hungry enough to eat dishes and knives and forks!" he laughed. "How nice the table looks!"

"You are just in time. Dinner is ready," replied Mrs. Jackson with a happy smile. "John Henry set the table and made it look pretty. He has been a very helpful boy to-day."

While they were eating, John Henry asked, "Did Mr. Washington keep the promise he made to himself? Did he learn table manners?"

"Of course he did," answered Mr. Jackson. "He was one of the cleanest and most polite men in the world. More than that, he helped other people to learn good manners. He was careful to teach the boys and girls in his school how to act at the table."

"Just think!" added Mrs. Jackson.

“This man who ate from pots and pans when he was little, had tea with a queen when he was a man. Did you know that Booker T. Washington had tea with Queen Victoria of England?”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Jackson. “And this boy who had no table at which to sit—this boy who did not know what it meant to eat with even his own family—when he became a man, was invited to have dinner with the President of the United States.

“How glad he must have been that he had learned good table manners!” said John Henry. “I would want to be polite if I were eating with the President of the United States.”

HELPERS FOR YOU

1. The “big house” was the home of the white master who owned the plantation.

2. A plantation is a big, big farm.

3. A “cat-hole” was a small opening about seven inches square. It was cut in the lower right-hand corner of the cabin. Almost every house had a cat-hole. It was made to let the cat go in and out at night without having some one open the door for her.

4. How large is a seven-inch square?

(a) With your ruler measure seven inches *up* from the lower right-hand corner of a sheet of paper. Make a dot on the edge of your paper beside the figure seven.

Write, “First Mark.”

(b) Measure seven inches *across* from the lower right-hand corner. Make a dot on

the edge of your paper beside the figure seven.

Write "Second Mark."

(c) Measure seven inches *up* from the "Second Mark."

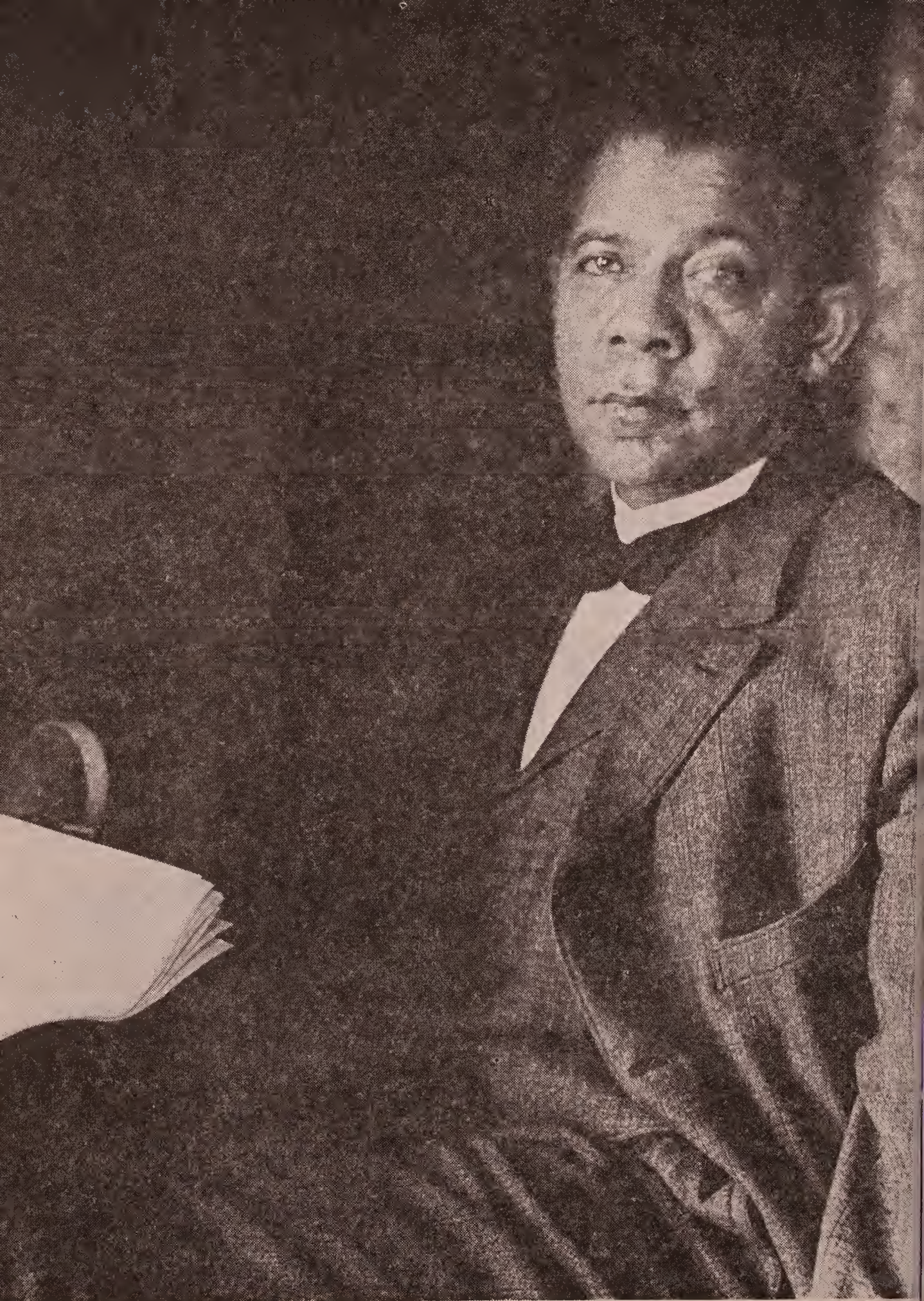
Write "Third Mark."

(d) Draw a straight line from "First Mark" to "Third Mark."

(e) Draw a straight line from "Second Mark" to "Third Mark."

(f) Cut along the lines you have drawn.

Is your "cat-hole" large enough for a cat to go through?



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Underwood & Underwood

The College Examination

On the way to school the second day John Henry saw Harold. "Good-morning, Harold!" he called.

Harold waved at him and cried, "Wait for me, John Henry!"

"Did you get all the books on your list?"



asked Harold.

“Oh, yes,” replied John Henry. “I have never had so many books before. I did not think I could find time to go to bed last night because I wanted to look at them.”

“My books are all new but the speller,” said Harold. “I have to use my sister’s old speller.”

“That makes me think of a story Mother told me about Booker T. Washington’s first book,” John Henry said. “It was an old blue-back speller.”

“Booker T. Washington!” cried Harold. “Why that is the name of our school!”

“Yes,” agreed John Henry, “and it is the name of a great man. I think I shall like to go to a school that is called Booker T. Washington.”

Mrs. Johnson was in the room when the

boys arrived. She spoke to them with a smile and helped them find a place for their books. She had put curtains at the windows. There was a vase of flowers on her desk. The room looked pretty.

“Are all the rooms in this school as pretty as ours?” asked John Henry, as he and Harold went out to play.

“We keep every part of our school as clean as we can,” answered Harold. “We try to live up to Booker T. Washington’s college examination.”

“What do you mean by that? What is Booker T. Washington’s college examination?”

“It is a long story,” began Harold. “Of course you know that Mr. Washington was a poor boy. He worked hard all of his life, but the money he earned helped feed his fam-

ily. He taught himself to read. Later he went to a little grade school. He heard of a college called Hampton. It was many miles away. He had no money, but he made up his mind to go to Hampton. By working harder than ever before, and saving as much as he could, he soon had a little money.

“With a happy heart he started on his way. Long before he reached Hampton, his money was all gone. He had nothing to eat and no place to sleep. Do you suppose he gave up? Indeed not! He did small jobs and earned something to eat. He slept under the



high board sidewalks.

“When at last he arrived at Hampton, he was not a very clean young man. He could not explain that there are no bath tubs under sidewalks, nor that the sheets there are made of dirt. He did not want to say that he had come to college without a cent of money.

“When the head teacher saw him standing among the clean young people who had come to Hampton to go to school, she thought he looked more like a tramp than a student. She talked with the others and gave them cards, but she did not seem to want Booker T. Washington at Hampton College.

“He would not go away. He did not tell her how he had worked and saved and gone hungry. He did not tell her how he had dreamed of coming to Hampton. But he did

try to make her understand that he would study and learn if she would only give him a chance.

“At last she said to him, ‘The room across the hall needs sweeping. Take this broom and sweep it!’

“Booker knew that this was his chance. He swept the room carefully three times. He moved every piece of furniture and swept under it. He cleaned every corner and every shelf. Then he took a cloth and dusted four times. He dusted all the woodwork, every bench, every table, every desk, and every shelf again, again, and again.

“When he knew that the room was as clean as it could be, he called the head teacher.

“She looked at the floor. It was clean. She looked on the shelves, and in the corners.



They were clean. She moved the desks and looked under them. She could find no dirt. Then she took her clean white handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork and about the walls. She rubbed it over the table and the benches. She could not find any dirt in the room!

“As Mr. Washington watched her, he felt that sweeping and dusting the room had been his college examination. If she could not find any dirt, he knew that he would pass

the examination. If she found even one small bit of dirt, he knew that he would fail.

“When she turned to him and told him that he could come to Hampton, he was one of the happiest people in the world.”

“Thank you for the story,” said John Henry. “I am proud to be in a school like this. I shall try to live up to Booker T. Washington’s college examination.”

CAN YOU TELL?

1. If it took Booker T. Washington twenty minutes to sweep the room each time, how long did it take him to sweep it three times?

2. If it took him twenty minutes to dust the first time; ten minutes, the second; five minutes, the third; and five minutes, the

fourth time, how long did it take him to dust the room?

3. How long did it take him to sweep and dust the room?

How many minutes?

How many hours and minutes?

A Good Citizen

“Zi-i-i-ing!” called the bell.

“Oh, good!” cried the boys and girls. “It is time to go inside.”

When they were in the room, Mrs. Johnson said, “Betty, will you stand in front of the class and hold the flag?”

Betty held the flag high so that all the boys and girls could see it. They gave the salute and said:

“I pledge allegiance to the
flag of the United States of
America and to the Republic
for which it stands; one nation,
indivisible, with liberty and
justice for all.”

Then they sang, “My Country 'Tis of

Thee” and said a short prayer. All the children seemed to know the prayer but John Henry. He listened quietly. He thought, “I can soon learn the prayer if I listen carefully.”

When the boys and girls sat down, Mrs. Johnson said, “We need a color bearer to carry our flag. Every morning when the bell rings, the color bearer will carry the flag at the head of our line as we march into the room. This afternoon I want you to help me choose a color bearer for tomorrow. At the close of school each day, we shall choose our color bearer for the next day. It must be the one who has been the very best citizen in our room. How shall we decide who is a good citizen?”

The boys and girls thought for a long time. At last Betty said, “A good citizen is

clean inside and out.”

“A good citizen is kind and helpful. He does things for other people when he would like to be doing something for himself,” added Harold.

“A good citizen takes care of his own books and clothes. He helps take care of things that belong to the school, also,” said Helen.

“A good citizen tries to do his best at all times,” Betty Jean said. “He studies hard in school. He plays when it is time to play. He does his work at home the best he can.”

John Henry said, “A good citizen is a kind winner and a cheerful loser. I know a boy who always shakes hands with the ball team after a game. If his team has lost he tells the



others, 'You played better ball than we did, but our team will try hard to win the next game.' "

"A good citizen is truthful and honest," added Helen.

Mrs. Johnson was pleased. She said, "I am sure you are all good citizens. It would be a fine plan to make a Good Citizenship Chart for our room, so that our parents and visitors may see it. I have written what you told us. I shall print it on a large chart. We can hang the chart where it will be easy to see."

"I like the plan," said Helen.

"Thank you, Helen," answered Mrs. Johnson. "There is something else I should like to print on the chart. It is something that Booker T. Washington said."

"Oh, yes," replied the children. "Tell us

what you want to put on our Good Citizenship Chart.”

Mrs. Johnson smiled as she said, “This is what I want to put on it:

‘Great men cultivate love;
only little men let themselves
hate. I will permit no man, no
matter what his color may be,
to make me hate him!’ ”

IS THIS RIGHT OR WRONG?

1. The children were glad when it was time to go into their room.

2. John Henry held the flag.

3. A girl or a woman should stand with her hand over her heart when she salutes the flag.

4. A soldier touches the edge of his hat when he salutes the flag.

5. Boys and men should take off their hats when the flag passes by.

6. The flag should never touch the ground.

7. A good citizen loves his flag.

8. Mrs. Johnson thought her children were good citizens.

John Henry's Surprise

The boys and girls in Mrs. Johnson's room could scarcely believe their ears when they heard the bell ring. "Can it be recess?" they said.

As they put their books away for recess, John Henry remembered what Mrs. Johnson had told them about helping her choose a good citizen. He had been so busy all morning that he had not noticed the other boys and girls. "If I am going to help choose a color bearer, I must keep my eyes open," he thought.

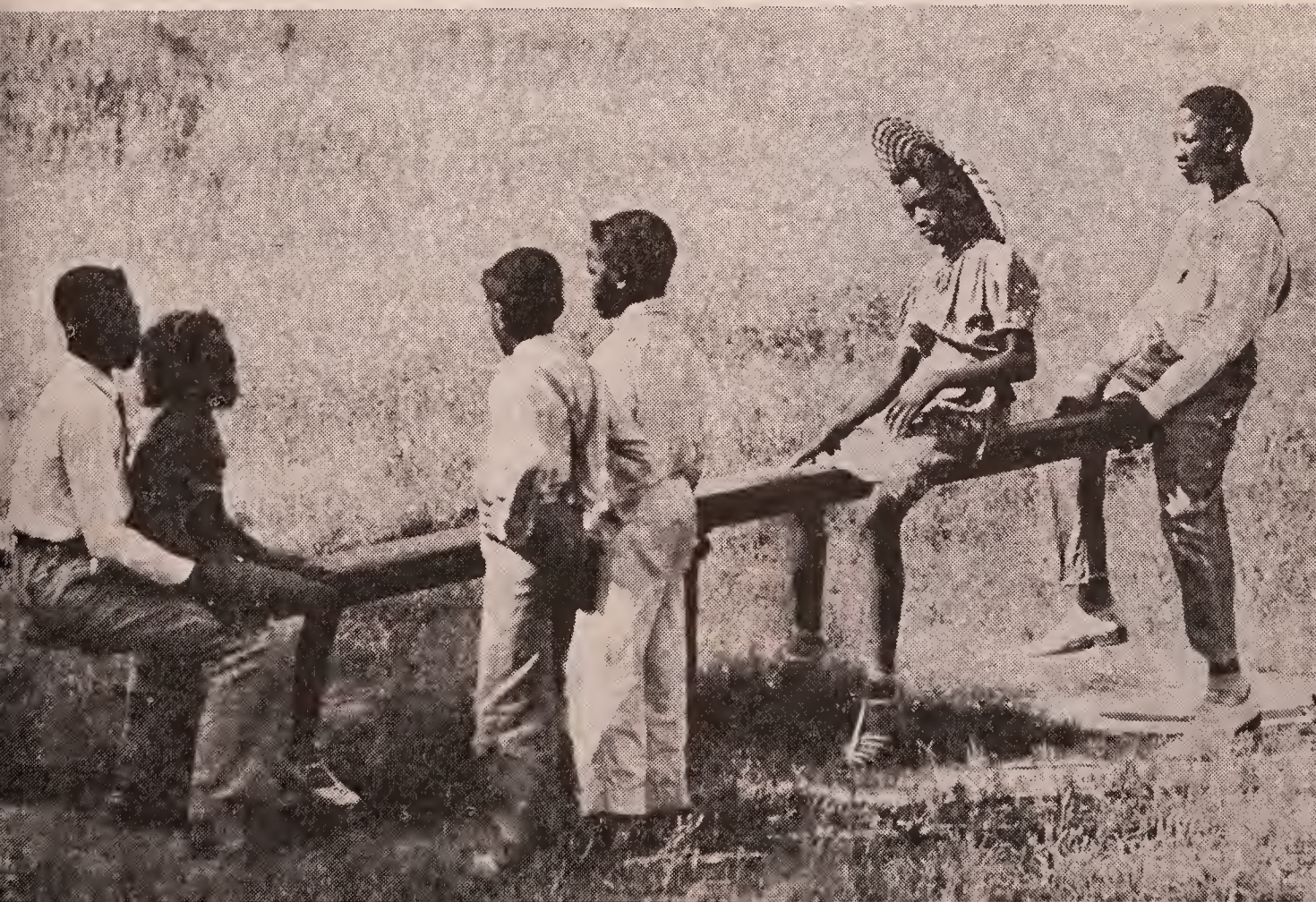
He marched out quietly. Harold whispered to him on the way out, "Hurry! Let us get the see-saws before any one else does!"

But when they reached the see-saws, two

boys and two girls were on them. There was no room for more children. One boy shouted at them, "We were here first! First come, first served! We are going to keep the see-saws the whole recess, so there!"

John Henry did not want to quarrel over the see-saws. He walked around to the other side of the school house.

"I am glad I came this way," he thought



when he saw the flower bed beside the house. "These must have been planted last spring before school was out."

The plants were loaded with buds. Right in the middle of one bed was a beautiful blue daisy. As John Henry stood thinking how pretty the flower looked, Betty came around the corner of the school house.

"Look, Betty!" he called. "What a pretty blue daisy."

"Oh, goody!" she cried. Then she looked both directions. She went on tip-toe to the east corner and looked north. No one was coming. She went on tip-toe to the west corner and looked north. No one was coming. "Sh!" she whispered. "Do you



know what I am going to do? I am going to take that flower to Mrs. Johnson."

John Henry did not know what to do. He knew Betty had no right to pull the pretty blue daisy. He stood still for a minute to think. Then he said, "Please do not take the flower, Betty."

"I will take it," said Betty. "Every one else takes Mrs. Johnson flowers. I never have any at home. She will like this one."

John Henry said, "You must not take the flower, Betty. It belongs to the whole school. You have no more right to take that flower than you have to take a desk or even our flag."

"I helped plant these flowers," Betty replied. "No one knows the daisy is here. I will take it. If any one finds out where it came from, I shall know you are a tattle-tale."

John Henry did not want to be called a tattletale. But he knew it would not be right for Betty to take the flower. He looked at her a long time. Then once again he said, "Please, Betty, do not take the daisy," and he turned away.

Because he was troubled about the blue daisy, John Henry walked slowly along the sidewalk. He was thinking, "What shall I



do? If Betty takes the flower, shall I tell Mrs. Johnson where she got it? Oh, I do hope she will not take it!”

All at once he noticed that he was following an ugly white mark that ran along the sidewalk. He stopped in great surprise.

“Do the children at this school write on the sidewalks?” he said to himself. “I wonder who can have such bad manners? I will

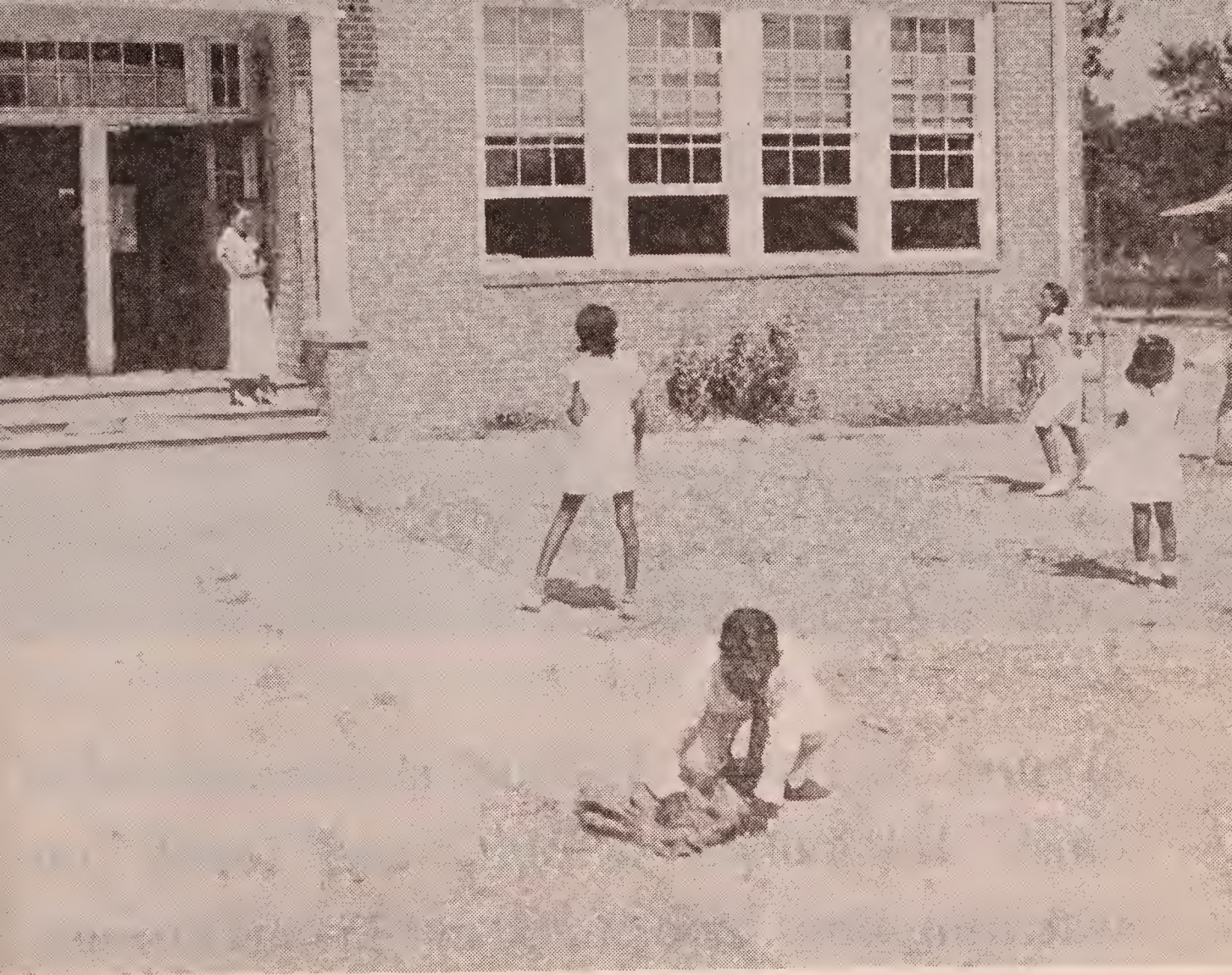


ask Mrs. Johnson for a wet cloth so that I can wash off the marks.”

Mrs. Johnson gave him the cloth. She did not ask him why he wanted it. John Henry was glad she did not ask, because he did not want to tell her about the ugly marks.

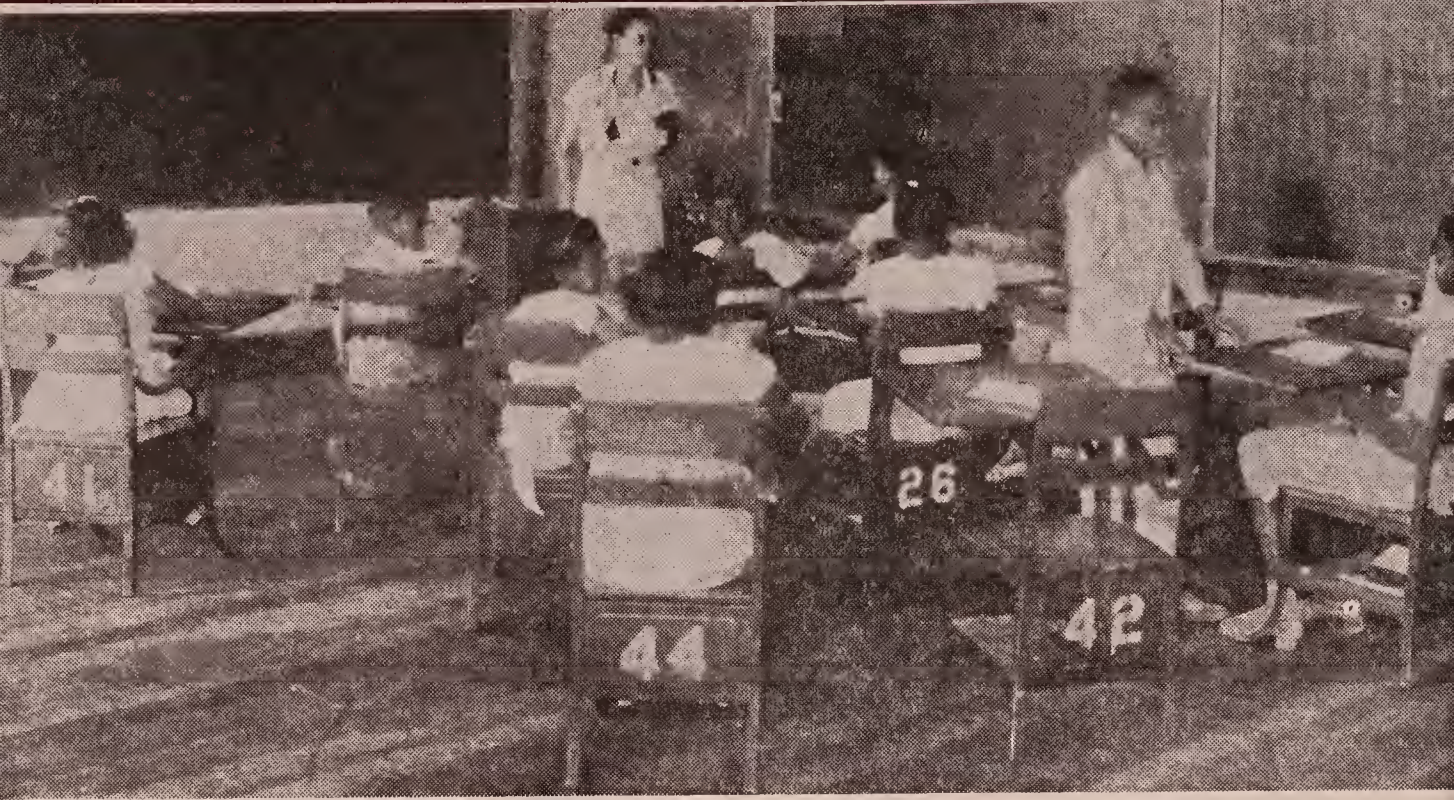
“How disgraced Booker T. Washington would feel if he could see this walk!” thought John Henry as he worked away trying to make the sidewalk clean. “If I can find out who made these marks, I will tell him about Mr. Washington’s college examination. No one would make the walks look ugly if he knew about that story.”

John Henry was so ashamed of the marks on the walk that he was glad no one else had seen them. Most of all, he was glad Mrs. Johnson had not seen them. He said to himself, “I will hurry as fast as I can.”



He washed off the marks as quickly and as carefully as he could. He put the wet cloth in the trash can to be burned. Just then the bell rang and he went into the house with the other boys and girls.

John Henry could not help looking at the vase of flowers on Mrs. Johnson's desk. No blue daisy was there! He looked all



around the room. He could not find the blue daisy. He looked at Betty and found her watching him. She smiled at him as if to say, "I did not take the flower, after all." John Henry was happy.

During the language lesson, the girls and boys talked of how to be polite: They decided to practice saying "Excuse me" when they walked in front of people.

Horace seemed to take great pride in this good-manners practice. He said "Excuse me" to almost every one in the room.

He went around the room, walking in front of people all afternoon, just to practice. But when he passed in front of Helen, he did not say any thing.

Mrs. Johnson noticed that he did not say "Excuse me" to Helen. She said, "Horace, did you forget to ask Helen to excuse you when you walked in front of her?"

"No, Mrs. Johnson," he replied. "Don't you know Helen is my sister? I do not need to say 'excuse me' to her."

"Why should you not ask your sister to excuse you?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"I thought that was just company manners," answered Horace. "I don't use company manners with my own family."

Mrs. Johnson explained that boys and girls should be polite to their sisters and brothers as well as to other people. She said,

“Sometimes we are not as polite to our own family as we are to strangers. We should always have good manners, but we should be most polite to those we love best.”

Late in the afternoon John Henry had almost decided to vote for Betty to be color bearer. He had noticed that she worked hard all day. She was pleasant and kind to the other girls and boys. She was clean. When she made a mistake in arithmetic, she thanked Mrs. Johnson for telling her about it. When she learned that Mary did not have a speller Betty said, “You may use my book.”

“Yes,” thought John Henry, “I believe Betty should be our color bearer.”

He looked at her. She was trying to write a story. What she had written did not please her. She tore the page from her tablet and threw it toward the waste-paper basket.

It hit the edge of the basket and fell to the floor. Betty did not seem to see it. She wrote another page. It did not please her any better. She tore it off and threw it toward the basket. It, too, fell on the floor.

Without a word, John Henry walked quietly to the waste-paper basket and picked up the paper. He put it in the basket and was almost back in his seat. He hoped no one had seen him. But Mrs. Johnson said, "Whose paper was that beside the basket?"

Betty answered, "It was mine, Mrs. Johnson. I knew the man who cleans the room had not yet carried out the paper. I thought it would be all right to let it stay on the floor since school is so near over for the day. The man sweeps every day after we have gone home."

Mrs. Johnson told Betty that she would

talk with her about the paper another time. “The bell will ring in just a minute,” said the teacher. “We must choose our color bearer now.”

Harold stood beside his desk and said, “Mrs. Johnson, I think John Henry should be our color bearer tomorrow.”

“Remember that we must have our best citizen for color bearer,” answered Mrs. Johnson.

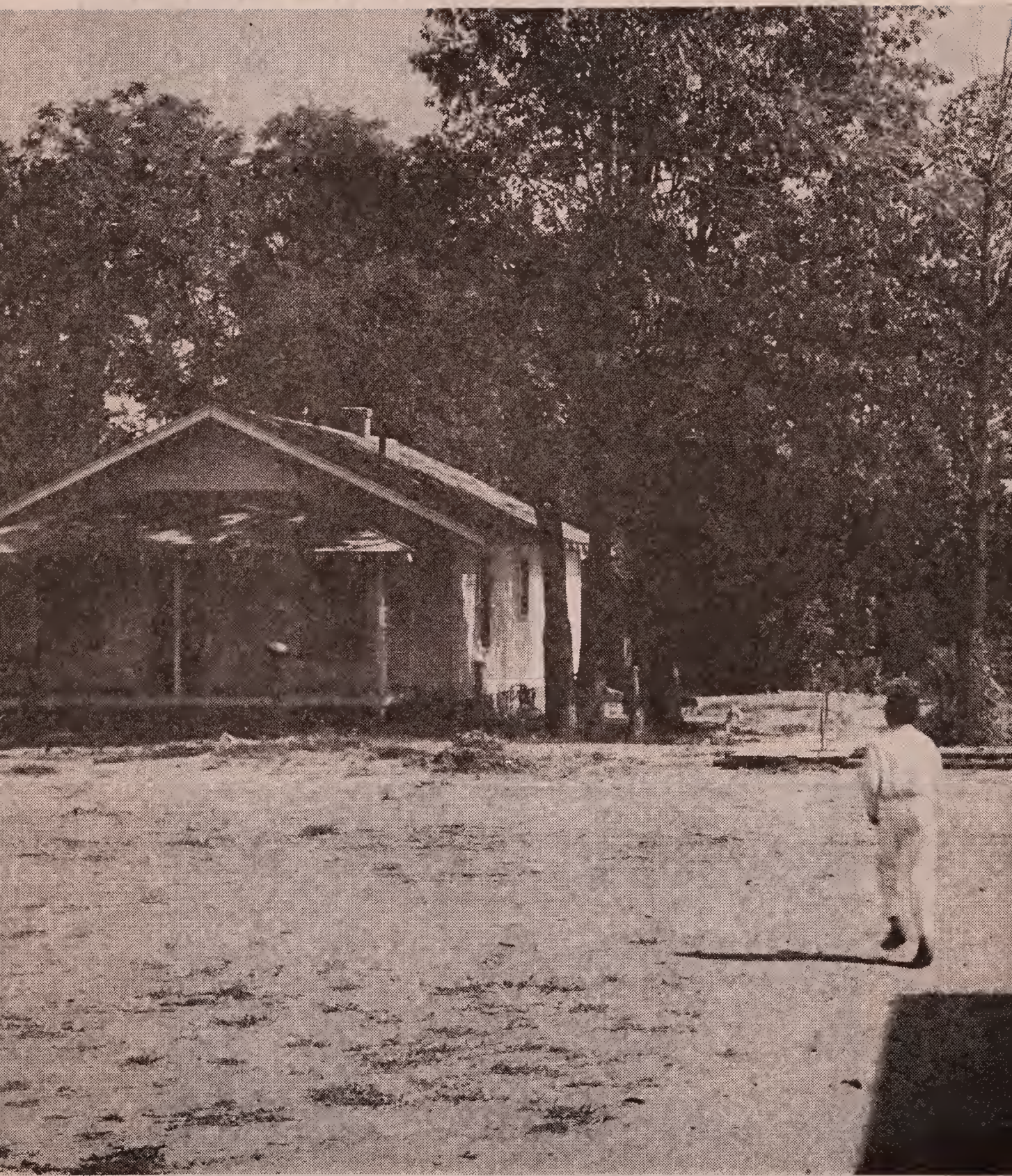
Then Harold told about the see-saws. He explained that John Henry would not quarrel.



Betty told the class about the blue daisy. Mrs. Johnson told about the marks on the sidewalk, for she had watched John Henry wash them off. Others told of fine things John Henry had done that day. When the vote was taken, every one wanted him for color bearer.

John Henry was so surprised! He had not dreamed that they would choose him. He said, "I thank you. I shall try to be a good color bearer."

When school was out he hurried home to tell his mother all about it.



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

1. Was it right for the children to keep the see-saws? They were there first.

2. Betty had helped plant the flowers. Did she have a right to pick the daisy? Would you have taken it? Why?

3. Why do some children write on sidewalks?

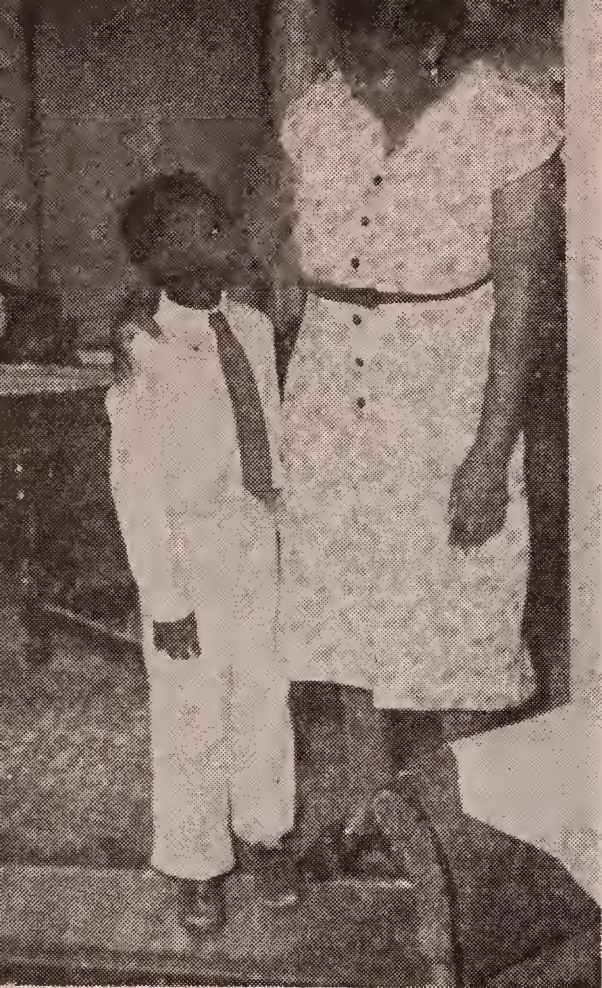
4. What can your class do about marks on walks and walls?

5. Why should we be polite at home? Are you more polite to your school friends or to your family? Why?

6. How was Betty a good citizen? How was she not a good citizen?

7. Why would it not be all right to leave the paper for the man to pick up?

8. Name all the ways in which John Henry showed himself to be a good citizen.



Color Bearers

“I am very proud of you,” said Mrs. Jackson.

John Henry had just told her that he had been chosen color bearer. She added, “A mother always likes to know that her boy is a good citizen. It

makes me happy to learn that you were surprised. I should not want you to be good just to win something.”

“Thank you, Mother,” replied John Henry. “I shall try to remember that. I believe that helping other people makes me happier than winning does. I guess Mr. Booker T. Washington was right when he said that the happiest people are those who

help others to be useful and happy.”

John Henry was going to tell his mother what Horace had said about being polite to his sister; but all at once, he stopped!

That strange, soft, far-away look in her eyes meant that she was thinking of an interesting story. He loved to hear her stories; so he sat very still and waited.

At last she turned to him and said, “I was thinking of another color bearer who lived many years ago. He knew how to carry the flag.”

“Tell me about him, please. Did the boys and girls choose him for their c o l o r bearer?” asked John Henry.

“No,” answered





Mrs. Jackson. "He won the right to carry the flag by being brave and loyal. There was a terrible war. White men fought against white men. Some of them thought Negroes were not brave enough to fight. Others were sure that Negroes would make good soldiers. At last they decided to let the Negroes try to help. A regiment was formed. It was called the 54th of Massachusetts. A young white man named Robert Gould Shaw led the regiment. In his regiment there were many fine young men. Among them were two sons of Frederick Douglass. You remember Frederick Douglass, do you not?"

"Oh, yes!" said John Henry. "He is the man who bought himself from the ship-

builder. He is the one who printed the first newspaper for colored people.”

“He helped his people in many other ways, also. He made friends with the white people as well as with his own race. They liked to talk with him. They would travel a long way to hear him make a talk,” added Mrs. Jackson.

“Was one of his sons the color bearer?” asked John Henry.

Mrs. Jackson sat for a minute with her chin in her hand before she answered, “The man I am going to tell you about was not Frederick Douglass’ son. He was only a plain black man, who did not talk much. He joined the 54th because he wanted to help his country. His name was William H. Carney.

“The army wanted to take a place called Fort Wagner. One dark rainy night in the

year of 1863, they started to Fort Wagner. For two days and nights they marched through mud and rain. At last they came close enough that the enemy's guns reached them.

“The 54th, led by their brave Colonel Shaw, went at the head of the army. On and on they marched, nearer and nearer the enemy's guns. Many of them were killed. Even Colonel Shaw was killed. Those who were alive went ahead, into the mouths of those terrible guns.

“The man who carried the flag for the regiment was shot. William H. Carney saw him falling. He ran to the man and, before the flag could touch the ground, he took it in his own hands and lifted it high.

“When the battle was over, Private Carney was carried from the field to the doctor.

The guns had found their way to him, too.

“But he was a real color bearer. He had kept the colors high. As he was being carried from the field of battle he said, ‘Boys, the old flag never touched the ground!’

“In the year 1897, the people of Massachusetts put up a beautiful monument to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw. They wanted the world to know that they were proud of these men who fought so bravely for their country. Mr. Booker T. Washington went to a great meeting in Boston to talk to them about Colonel Shaw and the monument.

“The Shaw monument is one of the most beautiful in our country. It was made by Saint-Gaudens (Gaw'denz), who is often called America's greatest sculptor.

“Many prominent people came to hear Mr. Washington. The mayor of Boston and



THE SHAW MONUMENT, ON BOSTON COMMON

the governor of Massachusetts sat on the platform. William H. Carney sat on the platform, also; and what do you think he held in his hands? It was the same flag that he had carried so proudly and so carefully in the year 1863!

“Bands played; people clapped and cheered; some of them even threw their hats in the air when this plain black man stood up with the flag he loved so well! He was not a young man any more, but he still knew how



to be a good color bearer.”

John Henry was quiet a long time after the story was finished. Then he said, “I shall think of that story tomorrow when I carry the flag.”

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

1. What is the most interesting thing you know about Frederick Douglass?

2. Underline two words that best describe William H. Carney:

polite selfish foolish brave loyal

3. Why was Mrs. Jackson glad that John Henry was *surprised* at being chosen color bearer?

4. How did John Henry know his mother was going to tell him a story?

5. Where can you learn more about Colonel Robert Gould Shaw?

6. How old was the flag Mr. Carney held as he sat on the platform in 1897?

7. How do you think Mr. Carney felt as he heard Mr. Washington talk about Colonel Shaw and the monument?

8. If you were having trouble with some one, which of the following would you do?

(a) fight

(b) run away

(c) try to settle the trouble without fighting

9. What are some ways to settle a quarrel without fighting?

10. How does fighting settle a quarrel?

11. Why do people often quarrel again after they have fought?

12. When do you think it is right to fight?

Color Bearers For The Race

“Hello!” said a voice on the other side of the door. “What did I hear you say about carrying the flag tomorrow?”

The door opened wide. Mr. Jackson had come home.

“John Henry has been chosen color bearer at school,” explained Mrs. Jackson.

“Fine!” his father replied. “How did it happen?”

John Henry told his father all about the day at school. “But I wish I could be a real color bearer like William H. Carney. Just carrying the flag at school seems so little when I think of what he did.”

“Mr. Carney was a brave man,” answered Mr. Jackson. “But you can be a real



color bearer without going to war. Mr. Carney helped to prove that our people are not afraid to face guns. Now we are fighting a different kind of battle. In this battle we do not use guns. We do not kill.”

John Henry did not understand. “How can we fight a battle without guns?” he asked.

“This is a battle for friends. We do not need guns because we do not want to hurt our friends. It is a battle for the chance to do the

kind of work we like to do. It is a battle for clean homes and good streets. It is a battle for happiness," Mr. Jackson said.

"Oh!" replied John Henry. "It is like Booker T. Washington's chance to go to Hampton. He just stayed there until the head teacher let him show what he could do. He did not go away when he saw she did not want him. He did not become angry. He just waited and thought what he would do when his time came. That was a friendly battle for a chance to go to school."

Mr. Jackson smiled, "You are beginning to understand. No one was hurt in that battle. The best battles are those in which no one is hurt. The best color bearer is the one who leads his army to peace instead of to war. He is the one who leads them to a place where they can live and be happy instead of into a

place where they will be hurt or killed. Our race is in need of such color bearers. As a race color bearer you can serve your own people and your country also."

"How can I do that?" asked John Henry.

"Let us think what a good color bearer does," said Mr. Jackson.

"He stands at the head of the line, or marches in front of the army," replied John Henry. "He holds the colors high. He never lets the flag touch the ground."

"Why does he go at the head of the line?" asked Mr. Jackson.

"I suppose it is because he knows where the army should go. A good leader shows the way so that others can follow," said John Henry.

"Can you imagine a leader at the back of the line? Why the others would all be

marching backward!” said Mr. Jackson.

John Henry laughed. “That would look funny! I think they would go to the wrong place.”

“That is true,” said Mr. Jackson. “It is true of our race, also. We need leaders to go ahead and show us the way so that we will not go marching backward. We need color bearers who will lead us toward better schools, better homes, better working conditions, and greater friendship with the white race.”

“I should like to march in that line; but



it will take a brave man to lead it,” said John Henry. “A color bearer like that will need to know many things.”

“Yes,” answered Mr. Jackson. “Only a very wise and good person can find the way.”

“I think a good color bearer must be proud of his flag or he would not carry it so high,” said John Henry. “People along the way are proud, too. The other day I watched a Boy Scout parade. I heard a woman say, ‘My boy’s troop is fourth in line.’ Another woman asked, ‘How can you tell which is his troop? I can’t see the boys at all.’ The first woman answered, ‘I know the banner his troop carries. See, there it comes! It is the blue and gold. How pretty it is!’ It was easy to see that the woman was proud of her boy’s troop.”

Mr. Jackson said, “I think a good color

bearer must be proud of his race, also. He must know its fine men and women. He must understand the beauty of its art and music. He must learn of its plans and want to help in the brave and good work it is trying to do. Booker T. Washington said:

“ ‘I do not envy the white boy. When I was small I did. Since I have grown older I see that the Negro must work harder and must do his work better because he is a Negro. This gives him strength and confidence when he does something better than any one else can do it. I had rather be what I am, a member of the Negro race.’ ”

John Henry sat thinking for a long time. At last he said, “I believe I am beginning to see what you mean. It will not be easy, but I want to try to be a good race color bearer.”

“Then let us talk a little about the third

point,” said his father. “You remember we said a good color bearer never lets the flag touch the ground. Why do you think he is so careful?”

“Oh, I understand that! The flag would not be clean if it touched the ground. We do not want a dirty flag!” replied John Henry.

“That is right,” said Mr. Jackson. “We must not let anything soil our flag. As a race color bearer, you must be just as careful not to do anything that might bring shame or disgrace upon your people. If you grow up to be a fine leader for your race, you must keep your whole life clean and good. Then you will not only be a fine race color



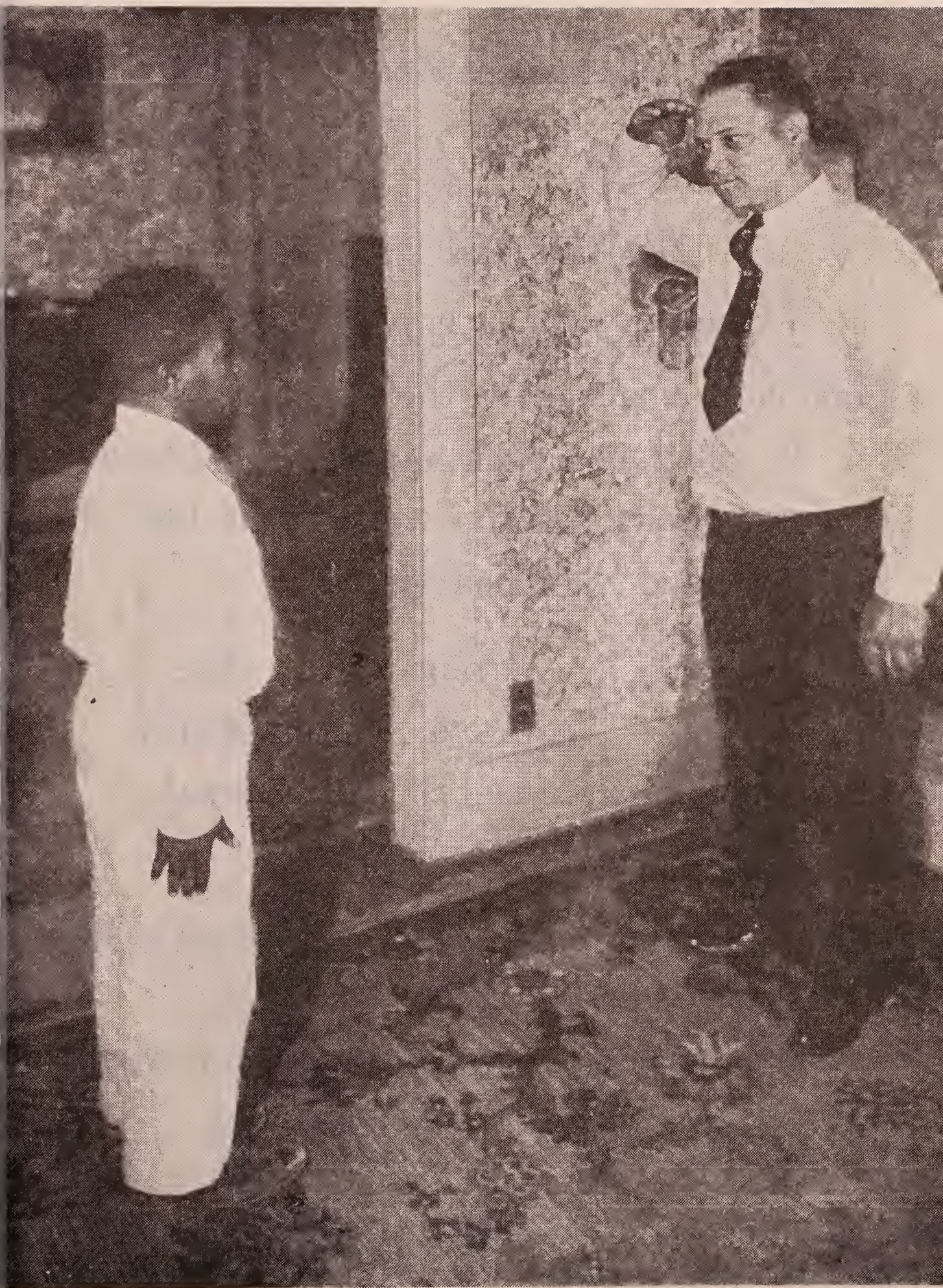
bearer, but you will be a good American citizen, too!”

“Thank you, Father; I shall do my best,” replied John Henry. “If I am not good enough to be the color bearer, I shall at least, be a loyal follower.”

Mr. Jackson said, “Our race needs loyal followers. We can not all be leaders. Often the very best leaders fail because their followers are not brave and loyal. If you become a leader or a follower, try to remember what Booker T. Washington told his students:

‘The person who puts the most into life is the one who gets the most out of life.’ ”

Mr. Jackson stood straight and saluted. Then he shook hands with John Henry and said:



“Forward, march! Good luck, Mr. Color Bearer!”

SOMETHING TO DO

1. Name two people you know, who are good color bearers for the race.
2. Tell why each one is a good leader.
3. Underline the words that best describe a good color bearer:

kind

strong

wise

slow

brave

selfish

pretty

useful

loyal

lazy

4. What kind of color bearer is Mr. Jackson?
5. Do you think Mrs. Jackson is a good color bearer? Why do you think so?

6. How can John Henry make himself a good color bearer?

7. Tell three reasons why you are proud of your race.

8. Name some good followers.

9. Why must we have good followers?

Planning A Library

The third grade liked to hear Mrs. Johnson read. They brought their story books from home and asked her to read them to the class. Soon there were more books than the



desk would hold.

“We need some shelves,” said Mrs. Johnson.

“I know how to build shelves,” replied John Henry. “We made shelves for a library at my other school.”

“How did you make them?” asked the girls and boys.

“First, we measured to see how high we wanted to build the shelves,” explained John Henry. “Then we measured to see how long to make them. We decided to make them four feet high and three feet long. We wanted three shelves and a top.

“Next, we went to the lumber yard and asked the lumberman to saw the boards for us. We said, ‘It will take two boards, four feet long; and four boards, three feet long.’ ”

“That sounds like a riddle,” laughed

Horace. "Four boards, two feet long; and four boards, three feet long?"

"No!" said John Henry. "I said 'Two boards, four feet long; and four boards, three feet long.'"

"I can't see the difference," Horace said.

"I will explain it to you later," Mrs. Johnson said. "Tell us more about how you made your shelves, John Henry."

"The man at the lumber yard asked us what kind of boards we wanted," John Henry



said. "We had not thought of that; but our teacher told him that we wanted 'one by twelve' boards.

"The man measured carefully. He sawed the boards straight. We took them to school and almost in no time, we had nailed them together. They made fine shelves. We painted them white. After they had been painted two days, the paint was dry. We put our books on the shelves. Then we had a real library. It looked very pretty."

Mrs. Johnson was pleased. She said, "That is a good idea, John Henry. You have explained it well. But we have no money to pay the lumberman for the boards. I wonder how we could make enough money to pay for our shelves."

"We can have a play, and ask those who



come to pay ten cents,” said Harold. “People like to see plays.”

“We can make candy at home and sell it at school,” said Betty.

“I would rather make pop corn balls,” said Mary.

“What helpful children I have!” cried Mrs. Johnson. “Those are all fine plans. Let us see which the class likes best. All who want to have a play will please stand.”

Eleven boys and girls stood.

“All who want to make and sell pop corn balls will please stand.”

Eleven boys and girls stood.

“All who want to make and sell candy will please stand.”

Eleven boys and girls stood.

The children laughed. “A tie! A tie!” they cried.

Mrs. Johnson smiled and told them that they could vote again. This time every one counted carefully to see that there was no mistake. There were eleven votes for the play, eleven for the candy, and eleven for the pop corn balls.

“What shall we do?” asked Mrs. Johnson.

John Henry suggested, “Let us vote once again. If it is still a tie, let us do all three plans. Each one will help with the plan he votes for.”

“Oh, fine!” laughed the children.

They voted again. There were eleven votes for each plan.

“Very well,” Mrs. Johnson said, “Let me think. Today is Thursday. You may make the pop corn balls next Wednesday and sell them on Thursday. That will be September the 26th. You may sell the candy on Thursday of the week after that. It will be October the 3rd. You may have the play the following Thursday night, October the 10th. That will give you time to choose a good play and to learn your parts well.

“On Friday, October the 11th, each group will report how much money it has. Until that time, it will be fun to keep the amount a secret. No group will tell any one how much it has until time for the reports. The group that makes the most money may

go to the lumber yard to buy the lumber.”

The children laughed and clapped their hands. “Secrets are fun! We will not tell! We must begin to get ready today!” they said.

“I shall make a poster,” said Betty.

“I shall write letters to my friends in the other rooms, and tell them about the pop corn balls,” said Helen.

“I shall tell every one I see,” said Horace.

Just then the bell rang. It was time to



go home. After they had gone outside, Mrs. Johnson heard the children talking about their plans.

“Hurrah for the pop corn balls!” cried Mary.

“Hurrah for the candy!” said Betty.

“Hurrah for the play!” cried Harold.

“Hurrah for the library!” they all shouted.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. How many children were in Mrs. Johnson's room? Each child voted for only one plan.

2. Which plan would you have voted for? Why would you vote that way?

3. What kind of stories do you like to hear your teacher read?

DO THIS

1. Make a poster to show the plan you like best:

the play, the candy, the pop corn

2. Find how many feet of boards it took for John Henry's library.

3. If the lumber cost ten cents a foot, how much did it cost to build the shelves?

Making Pop Corn Balls

It was Wednesday, September 26th. After school, eleven girls and boys went with Mrs. Johnson to the cooking room. Some of them had brought pop corn; some had brought sugar; some had brought rolls of waxed paper; and one had brought a can of corn syrup.

Eleven neat packages lay on the table. Each package had a name on it.

“What shall we do first?” asked Mary.

“Can’t you guess?” laughed Mrs. Johnson.

“Oh, I can guess!” cried one of the boys. “I remember the story about Zip. We must all wash our hands first of all.”

“Right!” said Mrs. Johnson. “Then

each one will open the package his mother sent me today.”

“What is in the package?” asked Helen. “Mother would not tell me. She said it was another secret.”

“Wash your hands and we will find out,” said Mary.

When all hands were clean and dry, Mrs. Johnson said, “Find your package; then close your eyes while I count by fives to one hundred. When I say ‘one hundred’ you may open your package and put on what you find. The person who puts his on first will win the game.”

Mrs. Johnson began to count, “Five, ten, fifteen, twenty.” It was hard to wait for her to say one hundred. At ninety-five, every one reached for his package. Each one broke the string and pulled out—what

do you think? A clean, white cap and apron! In less time than it takes to say pop-corn-ball, Mary was all dressed in her cap and apron.

“Mary was first! Mary won the game!” shouted Horace. He was having trouble with his apron, and his cap was on backward, but he was happy. The other children laughed and helped him get ready to work.

“The boys may take turns popping the corn,” said Mrs. Johnson. “Mary and Helen may cut the waxed paper into twelve-inch squares. The other girls may help me measure and cook the syrup. We shall cook three pans of syrup. In each pan we shall put what this little book says:

‘3 cups of sugar 1 cup of water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of corn syrup.’ ”

Each girl measured the sugar, the

water, and the syrup. Each girl put these into a pan and stirred them well. Then each girl set her pan on the fire and watched it to keep it from running over or burning.

“Let it cook until it makes a thread like a spider’s web when you drop it from



the spoon," said Mrs. Johnson.

What fun! Above the hum of the children's voices could be heard the sounds of the pop corn balls coming to life. Stir, stir, stir! Crack, crack, crack! Poppity-poppity-pop-pop!

Soon there were three great bowls full of the crisp white corn. The syrup began to make a thread like a spider's web as it dropped from the spoon. Mrs. Johnson poured the hot syrup over the crisp white corn. She stirred and mixed it until every grain was sweet.

As soon as it was cool enough, the children shaped the corn into balls. They wrapped the balls in waxed paper to keep them fresh and clean. Every boy and every girl worked.

When the clock struck six, fifty crisp,

sweet pop corn balls were wrapped and ready to be sold. How good they looked!

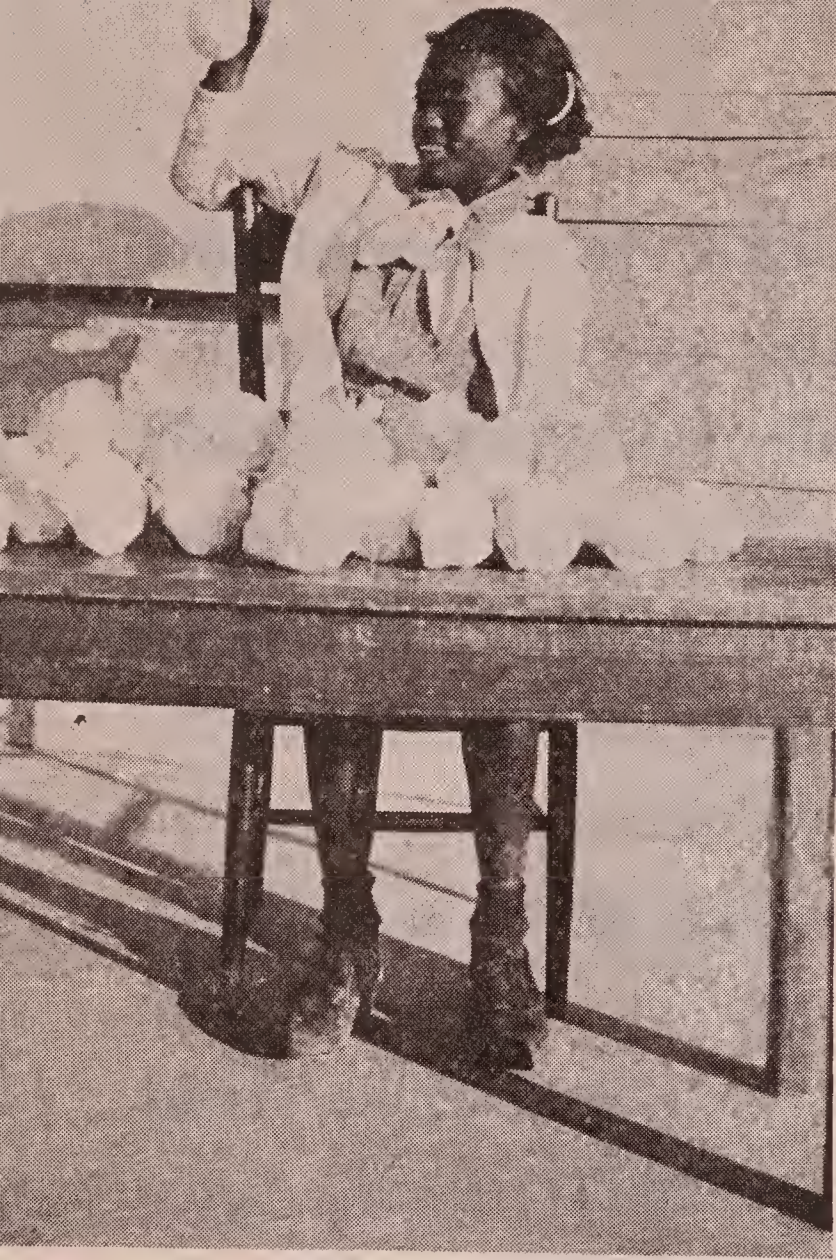
While the children washed the pans and bowls, Mary said, "We shall sell the pop corn balls at five cents each. If we sell all of them, how much money will we make?"

Horace spoke without taking time to think, "We should make about a dollar I guess!"

"You should not GUESS, Horace," said Helen. "Why don't you add?"

"I think I shall multiply," said Mary. "If one pop corn ball costs five cents, fifty pop corn balls will cost fifty times five cents."

"Figure it out at home," suggested Mrs. Johnson. "Your mothers will be worried about you if you stay here any longer. We will compare our figures in the morning and see who has solved the problem."



Pop corn balls!
Pop corn balls!
Who will buy my pop corn balls?
Clean and neat!
Crisp and sweet!
Pop corn balls are good to eat!

CAN YOU DO THIS?

1. Find how much money the children will make if they sell all the pop corn balls at five cents each. Will you add or multiply?

2. Ask your mother or your teacher to let you try to make some pop corn balls. Follow the directions given by Mrs. Johnson for making the syrup.

3. Be sure to wash your hands before you make the pop corn balls.

4. Be sure to wash the pans and bowls when you are through.

5. Measure and draw a twelve-inch square on the blackboard.

6. Measure and draw a five-inch square.

7. Measure and draw a seven-inch square.

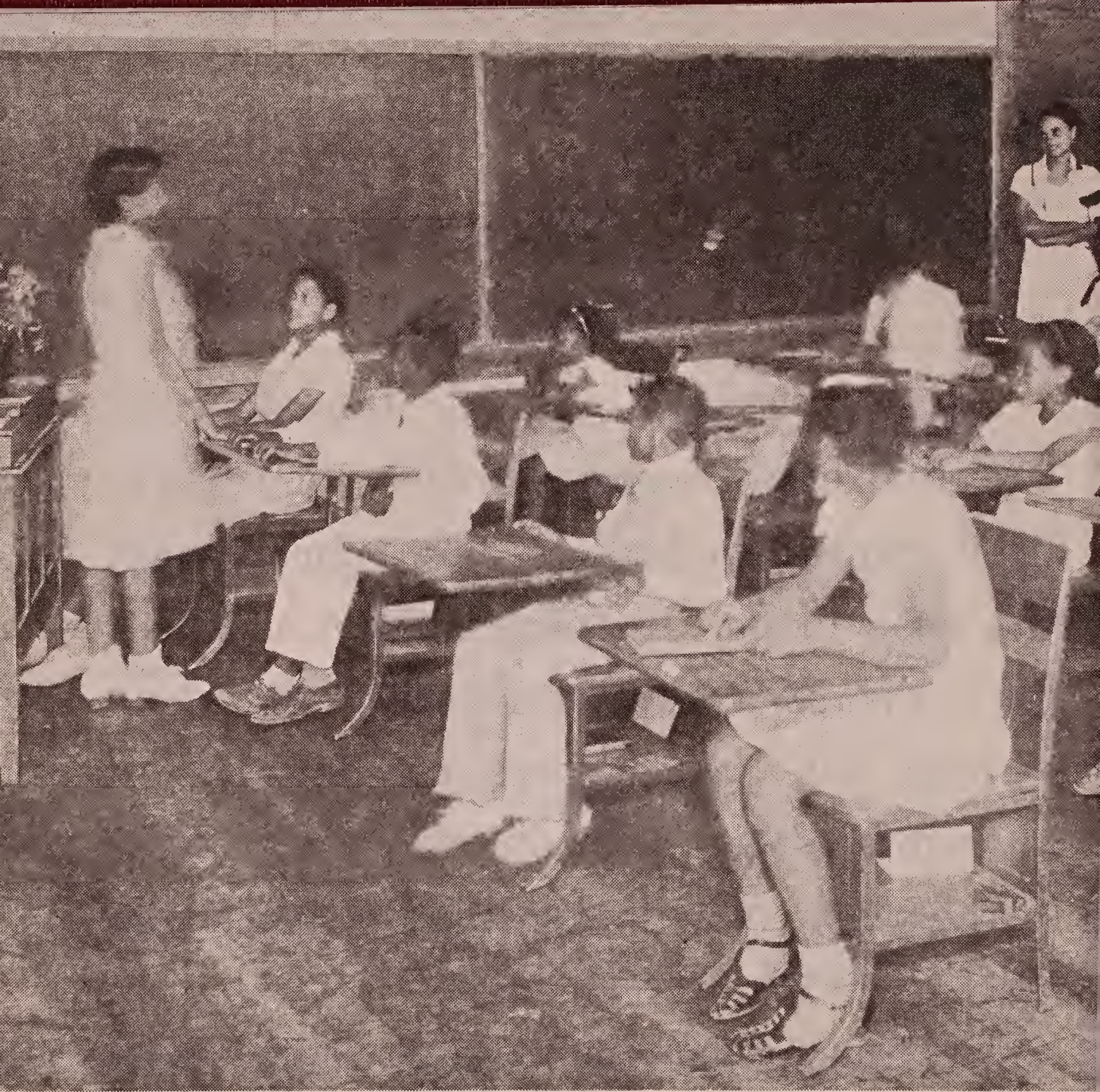
8. Which is largest? Which is smallest?

Good Reports

It was Friday, October the eleventh. The children were eager to hear the reports. They wanted to find out how much money had been made. Keeping secrets had been fun! People always try to find out about secrets. Even the fathers and mothers became interested. A great many people came to the play. Now it was time to learn how much each group had made.

“I wish the bell would ring,” said Horace.

Mrs. Johnson looked happy as the boys and girls marched into the room. As soon as they were in their seats she said, “I know you want to hear the reports. We shall have them before we do anything else.



First, let us hear from the pop corn group.”

Mary went to the front of the room. She said, “We made two dollars and forty-five cents. We would have made five cents more, but one of the balls fell on the ground and

we did not sell it.”

The boys and girls clapped for the popcorn report.

“That is a good report, Mary,” said Mrs. Johnson. “Now, let us hear from the candy group.”

Betty stood before the class. She told them that her group had made one dollar and ninety-five cents.

The boys and girls clapped for the candy report. They knew that October the third had been a rainy day. Many students had not come to school that day. The children thought the candy group had done very well, indeed.

Harold gave the report for the play group. He had a happy face as he said, “Our group made the most money, but we did not do it alone. You helped us make it by coming

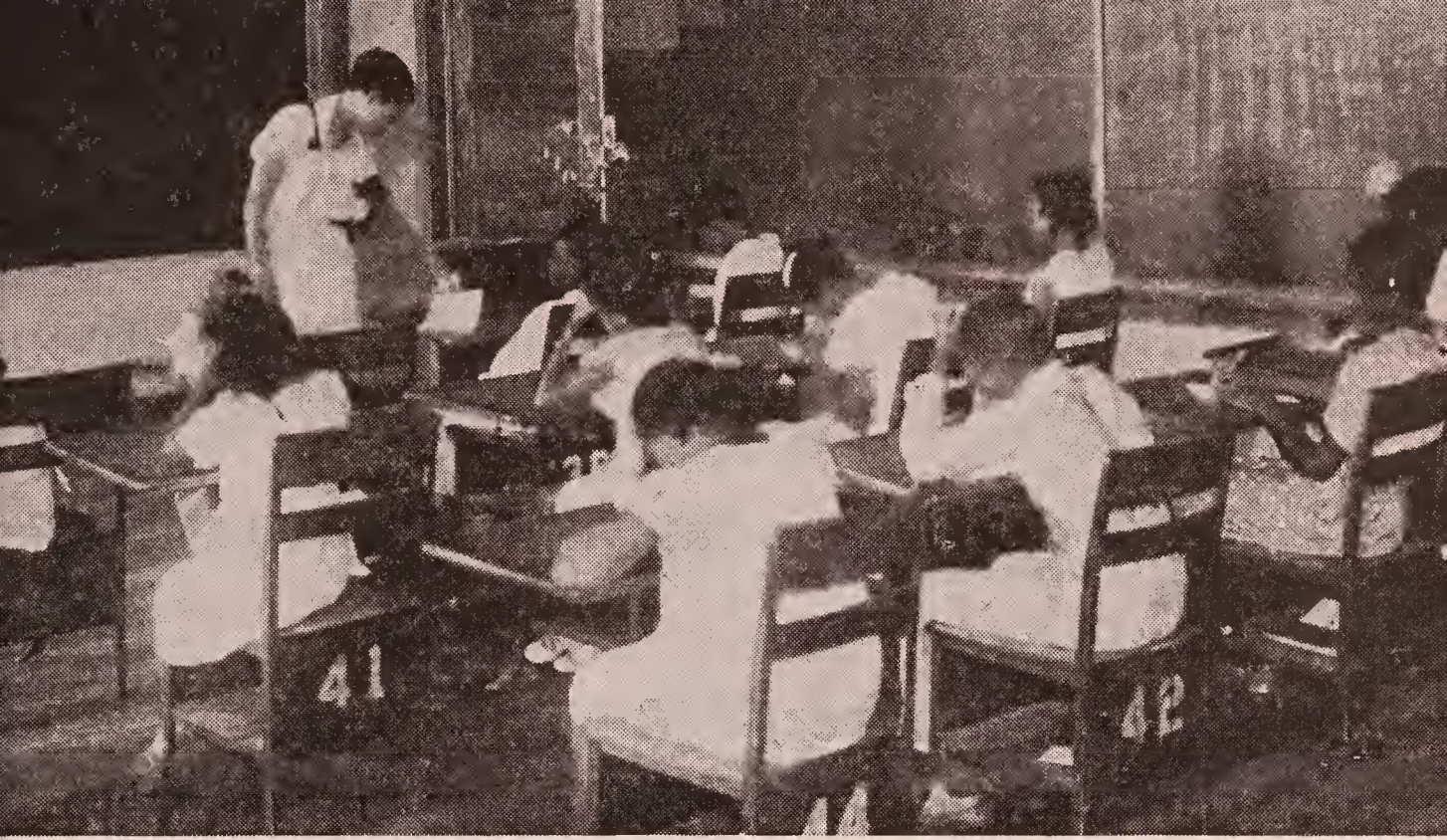
to our play and by bringing your parents and friends. We are glad to add five dollars to your money.”

The children clapped and clapped. They clapped because of the five dollars. They clapped because Harold was such a good winner.

Mrs. Johnson said, “Get your pencils and paper. We must find out how much money we have for our library.”

For a few minutes there was not a sound in the room but the scratch, scratch of pencils. Then John Henry looked up from his paper and smiled at Mrs. Johnson. She





walked near his desk and looked at his paper. She nodded at him. Soon several hands were in the air. When Mrs. Johnson came to Horace's desk she whispered in his ear, "You are guessing again." He wrote the numbers again and added once more. This time he was careful. Mrs. Johnson smiled and nodded.

When all the boys and girls had found how much money they had, Betty asked, "Do we have enough to pay for the lumber?"

“Oh, yes,” answered John Henry. “If I have figured right, we have more than enough.”

“How did you find the cost of the lumber?” asked Horace.

“I remembered what ours cost at the other school,” replied John Henry.

“But I think we should make our shelves longer than three feet,” said Mary. “We have so many books. I have measured the place in the northwest corner of the room. It is large enough for shelves four feet long.”

“We could make them higher, too,” said Helen.

“If they are higher than four feet, some of us can not see the books easily,” said Harold.

“That is true,” replied Mrs. Johnson. “I believe Mary is right, also. If our shelves are

four feet long they will be just right for the northwest corner. I have measured it, too. Shall we find out how much it will cost to make our shelves four feet high and four feet long?"

"That will be easy," answered John Henry. "All the pieces will be the same length. There will be two boards that stand up. There will be four boards that go across. That makes six boards. Each board will be four feet long."

Horace spoke quickly, "I know the answer this time! If each board is four feet long, the six boards will be six times four feet, or twenty-four feet long."

"Good work, Horace!" said Mrs. Johnson. "Now who knows what they will ask for one foot of lumber?"

"Father said it would be about ten cents

a foot," answered Harold.

"Find out how much our shelves will cost if the lumber is ten cents a foot," said Mrs. Johnson. "It will not be more than ten cents, I am sure."

And because they wanted to know if they had enough money, every girl and every boy in the room tried his best to get the right answer to the problem.

ANSWER *YES* OR *NO*

1. The candy group made more than the pop corn group.

2. The candy group made less than the play group.

3. It will cost two dollars to make shelves four feet high and three feet long, at ten cents a foot.

4. It will cost \$2.45 to make shelves four feet high and four feet long, at ten cents a foot.

5. The children made \$9.35 for their library.

6. It costs more to make candy than to make pop corn balls.

7. John Henry has trouble with arithmetic.

8. Horace always thinks before he speaks.

9. Harold's report was best.

10. Mary's group should go to the lumber yard.

Extra Money

Harold's group went to the lumber yard at noon. Harold's father took them in his truck. He said, "My truck is large enough for the children and the lumber, too." So away they went.

They were back at school before the bell rang. "Surprise! Surprise!" they cried.

"When the lumberman found out what we are going to do with the lumber, he asked us only seven cents a foot for it!"

"Let me think," said John Henry. "It cost just one dollar and sixty-eight cents then."

"That is right," answered Harold. "My, but you can do arithmetic quickly! Since we had some money left, we bought a can of

paint. It cost sixty cents. We bought some nails for five cents. Our whole bill was only two dollars and thirty cents."

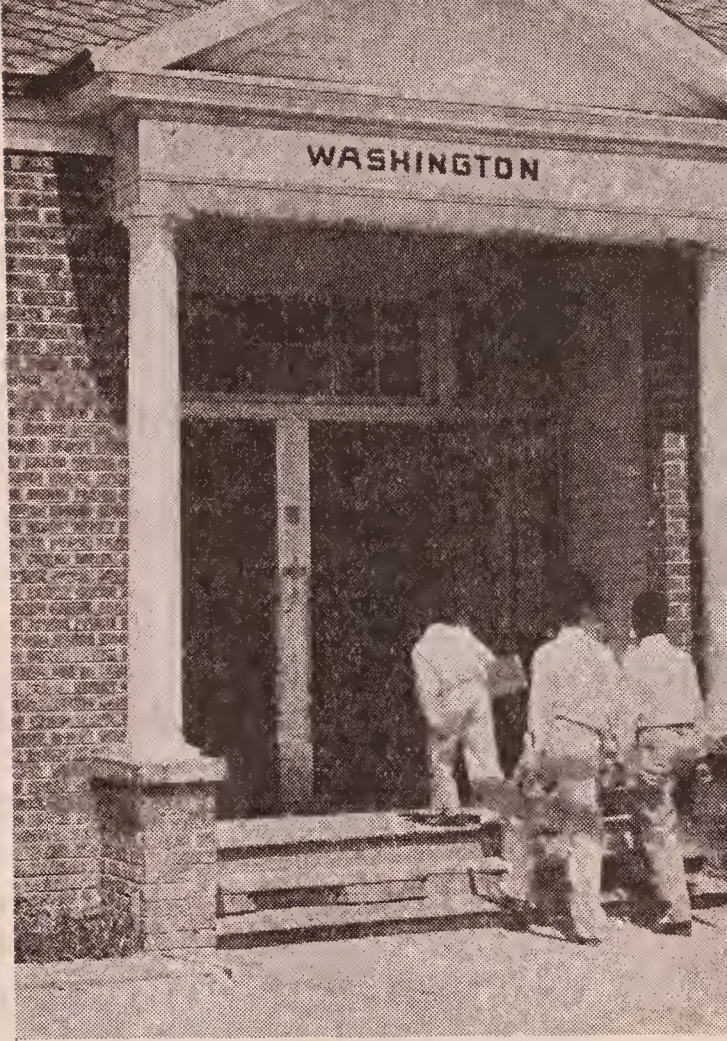
"That must leave us about five dollars," guessed Horace.

"Why do you always guess? Why don't you use a pencil and subtract, Horace?" said Helen.

"I did not bring my pencil out here," answered Horace. "I lose pencils so easily."

"Well, try to figure it in your head," said Helen. "Did you see how quickly John Henry figured the cost of the lumber without a pencil or paper?"

"Yes," replied Horace. "But John Henry



likes arithmetic and he can think fast. I do not care for arithmetic and I am not so fast. Now, let me think! What was the bill? I have forgotten. I just can't remember figures. Oh, dear!"

"Here is a stick," said Helen. "Take it and write your figures on the ground."

Horace used the stick for a pencil. He worked carefully for a few minutes. "Oh, my!" he said. "We have more than five dollars left!"

"I know what we can do," cried Betty.



“The boys can get some orange boxes and make chairs for the library corner. We will need some extra chairs. The girls can make covers for the chairs. We can get pretty cloth for fifteen or twenty cents a yard. It will make our library corner look bright and comfortable.”



And that is what the children did! Before Hallowe'en their library corner was the most cheerful looking place in the whole school. Every one liked to sit on the orange-box chairs with their gay covers.

It was fun to find a book in the neatly kept shelves. The children liked to do their work quickly so that they could read a book from the library.

One day a visitor came to school. He said, "You are really earning the right to call your school Booker T. Washington. When Mr. Washington began teaching at Tuskegee, there was no fine school house. He taught in an old house. The roof had such holes in it that he had to hold an umbrella over himself when it rained. He lived in a house that was just as bad. Many times the woman who owned the house held an umbrella over him while he ate his breakfast.

"But Mr. Washington did not stop working. He had no money, so he and his friends worked hard to get enough to buy a better house. They had no furniture, so they learned to make their furniture. They had little to eat, so they plowed the ground and raised food for the whole school.

“When more students came and they needed a new school house, they learned how to make bricks. They built their new houses of these bricks.

“Mr. Washington started his school with thirty students. He saw the school grow until there were fourteen hundred students. He helped build many large and beautiful brick buildings.

“He showed his students how to make the best of everything. He was always happy when he found a way to help some one. He made everything around him clean, comfortable, and beautiful. I am glad you are following his fine example.”



SOMETHING TO DO

1. If your school has a library, how can you make it better?
2. If your school has no library, how can you help build one?
3. What story books do you have at home?
4. What kind of books do you like?
5. How do you think Booker T. Washington would build a library if he were in your room?
6. How should you act in the library?
7. Why should every room have a library?
8. Why does Horace have trouble with his arithmetic?
9. Suggest a way for him to help himself.

Thanksgiving

It was Tuesday, November the 25th. "Only two days until Thanksgiving!" said Mary.

"We can't have turkey this Thanksgiving," said John Henry. "When we lived on the farm we raised chickens and turkeys. There was always a big fat turkey for Thanksgiving. Mother says it costs too much money to buy a good turkey these days."

"Can you not enjoy Thanksgiving without a turkey?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Johnson," he answered. "I have many reasons for feeling thankful. I have so much more than the Pilgrims had when they began the practice of giving thanks."

“That is a fine thought,” Mrs. Johnson said. “To-

night, I wish each of you would try to think of all the reasons he has for feeling thankful. After you go to bed and the house is quiet, try to see how many good reasons you can count.”

The next morning each girl and boy in Mrs. Johnson’s room found a letter on his desk. Thirty-three pair of eager hands opened the letters, and thirty-three happy faces turned toward their teacher. This is what the letters said:

Booker T. Washington School
November 27

My dear Student,

May I tell you why this season of the year means so much to me?



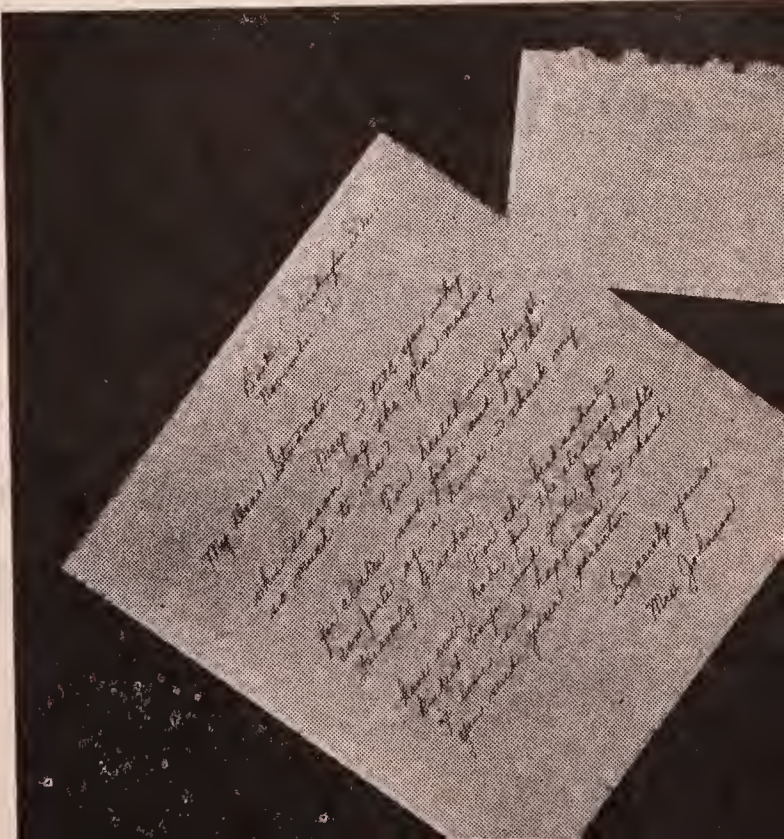
For health and strength, for clothes and food, and for the comforts of a home, I thank my Heavenly Father.

For the best school I have ever had, for the cleanest, kindest boys and girls, for thoughts of love and happiness, I thank you and your parents.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Johnson

“Mrs. Johnson, this is a kind letter,” said Betty.

All the children wanted to thank their teacher for her letter. “We have never thought of



sending letters at Thanksgiving. I wonder if our parents would enjoy them as much as we are enjoying this?"

"That gives me a good idea!" Harold said. "I shall write down all the reasons I have for feeling thankful and send them to my mother and father."

"I think I shall try that, too," said Horace.

"Let us keep the letters till Thanksgiving Day," suggested Betty. "We can put them under the plates. Mother and Father will find them when they sit down to eat dinner. It will be a surprise. I am sure it will make them happy."

The children wrote their letters very carefully. "We must show our parents how well we can write and spell," they said.

"Yes, and we must live up to Booker T.

Washington's college examination. Our letters must be neat and clean," added Harold.

"We can keep this for another secret," said Helen. "I like secrets better than anything. Mother thinks secrets are fun too."

And so the happy children worked away trying to write letters that would make their parents proud and pleased. To look at them, you might have thought that they were really taking a "college examination."

It would have done your heart good to see the happy families that Thanksgiving Day. Many of them did not have a fine dinner. Many a table had no turkey, or even chicken, on it. But there was not a table that did not have letters on it, and every letter was full of love and thanks to the kind parents of all those thirty-three children.

The next day Mrs. Johnson saw John

Henry's mother on the street. She smiled and said, "Good-morning, Mrs. Jackson. I hope you had a pleasant Thanksgiving."

John Henry's mother replied, "Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. It was the best Thanksgiving we have ever had. We had thought it would be hard not to have a turkey for Thanksgiving, but we forgot we had no turkey. Who could miss a turkey when love and thankful hearts are at the table?"

SOMETHING YOU MAY DO

1. Tell your class about your most interesting Thanksgiving.
2. Make a list of reasons you have for feeling thankful on Thanksgiving.
3. Think of something you can do to make some one else happy on Thanksgiving.
4. Which would you rather have for

your Thanksgiving, a happy heart or a turkey? Why?

5. Tell the story of the first Thanksgiving in America.



Black Sambo and Li'l' Hannibal

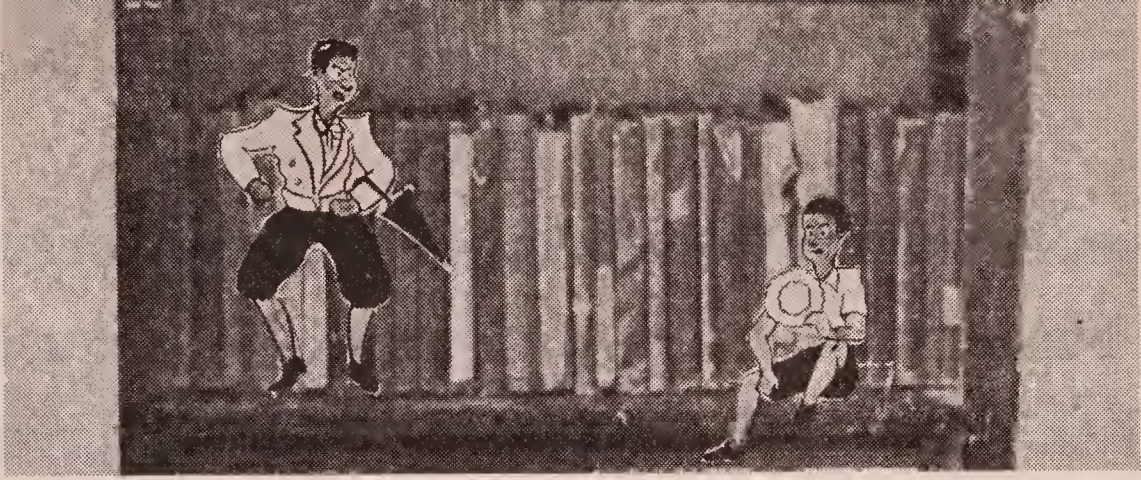
One day Betty was reading a book. She was sitting on one of the orange-box chairs that the boys had built for the library. It was such a comfortable place to sit that

Betty fell asleep.

Along came a dream.

“Such a noise!” thought Betty. “What can it be?” She looked toward the bookshelves. “Oh, my! Oh, me!” cried she. Her eyes grew as big as saucers!

A book on the top shelf flew open and out ran Black Sambo and Li'l' Hannibal, crying as if their hearts would break.



Betty was so surprised that she could only sit there with her mouth wide open. Black Sambo ran too close to the edge of the shelf. She was sure he would fall, but she could not lift a hand to help him.

“I don’t like it!” screamed Li’l’ Black Sambo, sitting down on the shelf and fanning himself with his little straw hat.

“I won’t have it!” shouted Sambo, tearing his hair. “Look at me! Just look at me! They have dressed me in these silly blue trousers. That was not enough, so they put on this awful red coat. Take a look at these shoes! Who ever heard of a real boy that

wore red shoes? But that is not the worst of it. I might have stood for the blue trousers and the red coat and shoes. It is this green umbrella that is the last straw. I won't have it! I tell you, I won't have it!"

Black Sambo shouted and screamed and howled. He ran this way and that way. He jumped up and down right on the edge of the shelf. He pulled at his clothes and tried to kick the red shoes off.

Li'l' Hannibal had been sitting in the corner of the book shelf, crying great soap-bubble tears. Sambo made such a noise that Hannibal stopped crying and walked toward him. "What in the world is the matter with you?" he asked.

"Can you ask such a question after seeing me in this outfit?" cried Sambo.

"Well, I admit you do not look like your-

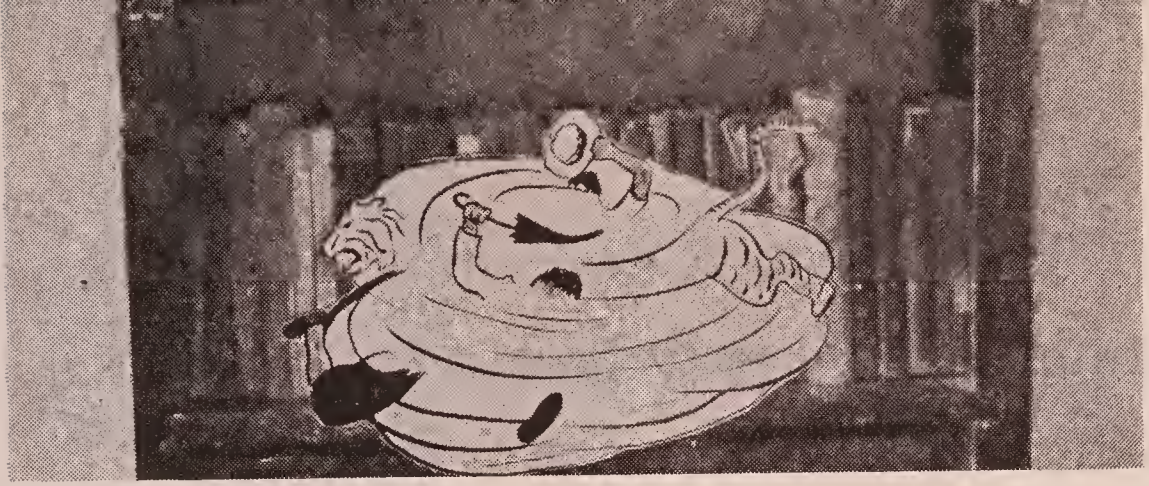
self,” replied Hannibal. “I thought perhaps you were taking the part of a clown, or something, in a play.”

“Clown! Clown!” shouted Sambo. “I know I look like a clown. But this is not a play. They are sending me on a long journey. I shall meet many boys and girls. They will think I am really like this all the time. They will look at me and laugh at me day after day. They will draw pictures of me in these clothes! They will talk about the funny black boy in the bright clothes. Imagine being seen in these colors! Think of meeting fine boys and girls who might become friends if they could see me as I really am. Alas! They will think I am just a funny clown! I do not like to be laughed at, do you?” and Sambo began to howl and to tear at his clothes again.



“Why should you care about your clothes?” asked Hannibal. “You have heard the old saying ‘Clothes don’t make the man.’ Look at me. I have real troubles. It is my character, not my clothes, that I am worried about. All the boys and girls will think I am a lazy, good-for-nothing person. Oh, the disgrace! I am so ashamed! All they ever hear about me is that I ran away from home because I did not want to work!”

Hannibal sat down again. He was so very tired from “fetchin’ and totin’.” A large soap-bubble tear fell on his hand. He was too tired to brush it off.



“Help! Help!” screamed Sambo. “Come and help me take these clothes off, Hannibal.”

Sambo jumped up and down until the books on the shelf shook and trembled. He howled and shouted, “I want some good clothes! I don’t want to look like a clown! Help me take these off! Help! Help! Help!”

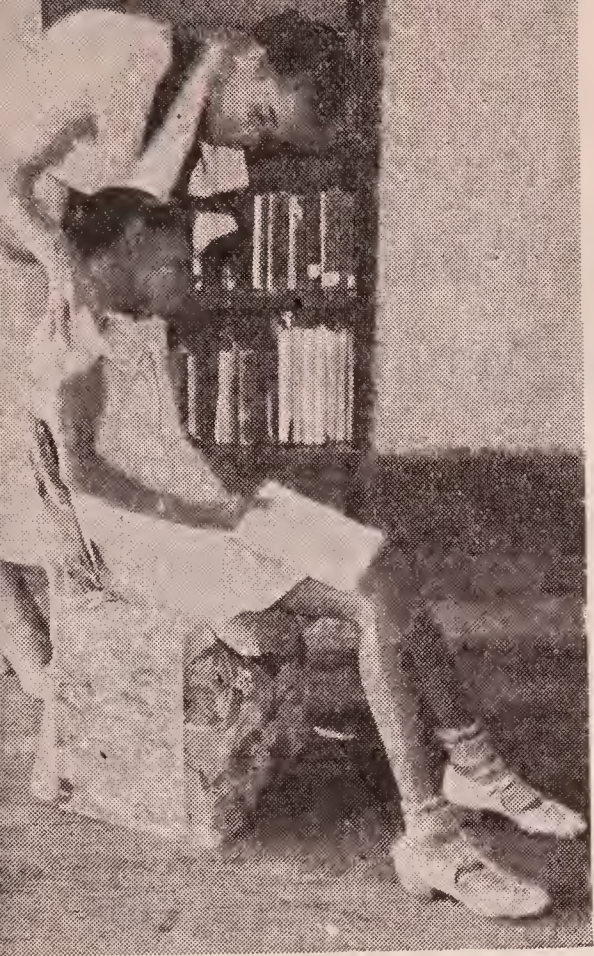
Hannibal ran to help him. Just then there came a strange sound, and out of their book-cages jumped the tigers. “Gr-r-r! Gr-r-r! Gr-r-r-r-r!” they growled. “We will take those clothes. Gr-r-r-r-r!”

They jumped at Sambo. They reached for his coat. They pulled at his trousers. They bit his shoes. They snapped at his umbrella. They ran around him so fast that Betty was dizzy from looking at the whirling yellow and black stripes. Such a noise! The tigers screamed and growled while Sambo shouted and howled!

Betty could not move. She watched them whirl right on the edge of the shelf. They were falling, down, down! She could not lift a hand to help them.

Just then the bell rang. Betty thought the sound was made by the tigers and Sambo as they





struck the floor. She was half-awake. "Help! Mrs. Johnson, come quickly!" she cried.

Mrs. Johnson ran to Betty. She shook her gently. "Betty!" she called. "What is it?"

"The tigers! Black Sambo! They fell off the shelf!" said Betty.

"Wake up, Betty!" said Mrs. Johnson. "You have been dreaming. Black Sambo is on your lap. You must have been reading about him before you went to sleep."

Betty looked down in surprise. Sure enough, there was the book in her lap.

"I guess it was a dream," she said. "I am glad it was not true. If Sambo and Hannibal

could come to life and talk, I wonder if they would feel angry and sad. What would we think if a boy should come to our school dressed like Sambo? Who would want a friend that ran away from home to keep from working? Poor Black Sambo! Poor Li'l' Hannibal!"

Friends Who Help

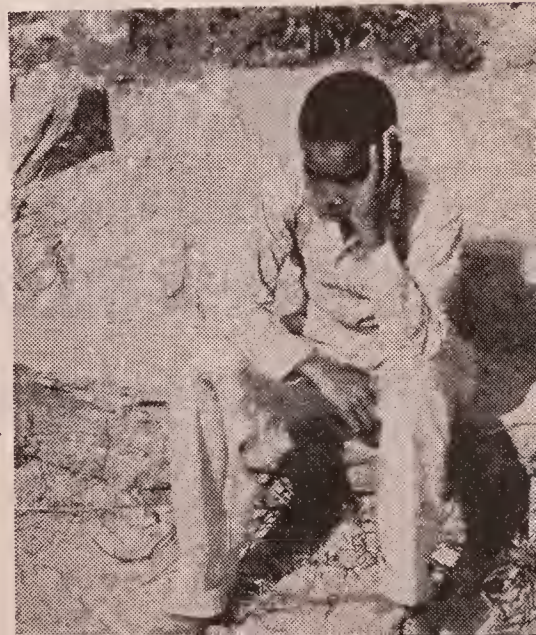
One day Mrs. Johnson saw Horace sitting alone. There was a worried look on his face. She asked, "What is the matter?"

"I have been thinking about the world," said Horace. "I was thinking about white people and black people. I was just wondering if they are ever real friends. Do they ever help each other?"

Mrs. Johnson smiled. "Of course they help each other, Horace. Many of Booker T. Washington's best friends were white. The man he loved most of all was white."

"Who was that?" asked Horace.

"He was Mr. Arm-



strong, president at Hampton when Mr. Washington went to school there. He was one of many white people who have given time and money to help our race.”

“But is there never anything we can do to help white people?” asked Horace.

“We always help both white and black people when we are good citizens,” said Mrs. Johnson. “But there have been many times when our people have helped white persons.

“During the war for freedom, when the white men were away from home fighting, there was no one to look after the women and children but the slaves. Those slaves would have given their lives for their white folks. Some of them did.

“After the war, many of them went back to the old plantations to help plant and cultivate the crops. They knew that their white

folks needed them.”

“That was long ago,” said Horace. “White people do not need our help now.”

John Henry, who had joined the group said, “Booker T. Washington told us that we can make our race needed by doing our work better than any one else can do it.”

“That is true,” answered Mrs. Johnson. “Try to remember what Mr. Washington told his people. No matter what we may be doing, if it is hard, dirty work, or the work of a teacher, a lawyer, or a business man, do that work better than any other person can do it.”

Horace still looked sad. “I want to know of some Negro who has really done something to help a white person,” he said.



“Very well,” replied Mrs. Johnson. “I will tell you two stories. One of them is about a Negro who saved the lives of many white people. The other story is about some white women and men who have helped many Negro children.”

John Little

In January, 1935, there was a terrible flood along the Mississippi River. You know that the Mississippi is the largest river in North America. When the water from the heavy rains and the melting snow comes rushing down, the Mississippi often can not hold so much water within its banks. It runs

Internation



over miles and miles of land.

When the news came that a flood was on its way, some of the people left the low country along the river. Others said, "We are on higher ground. The flood will not reach us. We do not want to leave our homes and our animals. We will stay here."

But the January flood was one of the worst that had ever come. It did reach the higher ground. Many people would have been drowned if it had not been for John Little.

When the water came roaring down the river, it covered houses and barns. Animals were swept away and drowned. People climbed on the roofs of the houses. The water carried some of the houses away. The people caught the branches of trees as they went by on the house tops. They climbed as high as

they could in the trees.

The cold north wind blew upon these people. Some of them were almost frozen before John Little brought help.

John Little was a Negro. He knew where to find a boat three miles away. He had no way to go to the boat except in a little canoe that he had made from an old log. He thought, "I will try to get the boat. I will row my little canoe. It is the only way to save the people. I do not know that I can bring the boat back, but I will try."

It was late at night. The weather was freezing cold. John Little had no overcoat and no warm clothes. He took his tiny log boat and rowed through the darkness and the icy waters until he came to the big boat. He found the oars frozen in the ice. He had no ax or hammer, so he dug the oars out with

his hands. Then he rowed the boat back and saved the lives of a hundred persons.

John Little's hands were frozen so terribly that he lost the ends of some of his fingers. His clothes were so frozen that they had to be cut from his body.

This Negro had been brave and unselfish. The people, black and white, were very thankful to him. They took him to the hospital and gave him the best of care. They did not think about his color. They did not care. He had been ready to give his life to help them.

They said, "The old Mississippi would



surely have taken us if it had not been for
this brave Negro, John Little."

Helping Homeless Children

About one hundred years ago, two white women took eleven Negro children from a poorhouse, in New York City, and made a home for them. At that time there was no place in New York City for poor colored children who had no homes. They were sent to the jails or the poorhouses.

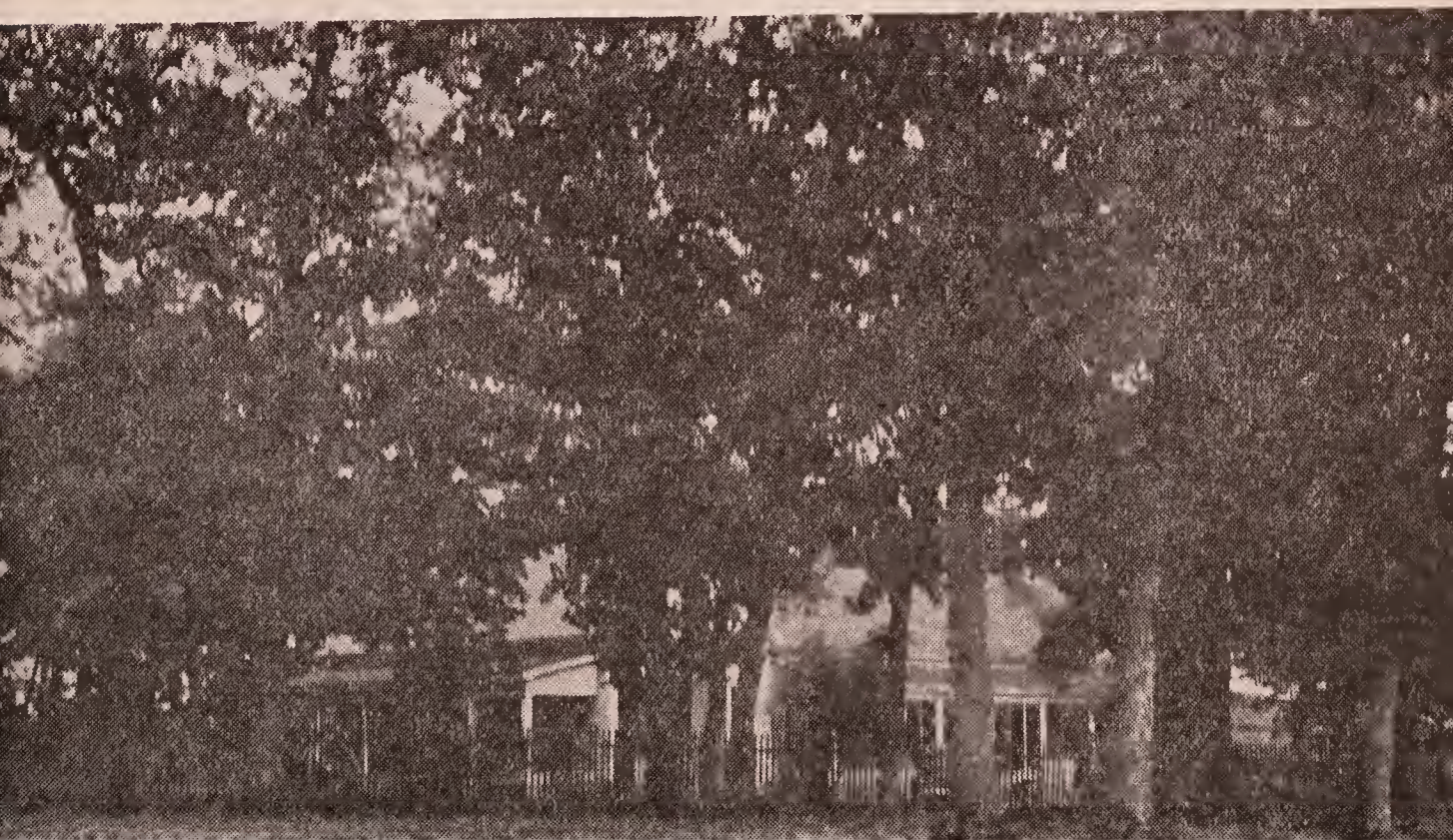
The white women, Miss Mary Murray and Miss Anna Shotwell, bought a pretty white cottage on Twelfth Street. It looked like the cottage in the picture on the next page. Here Miss Murray and Miss Shotwell brought the little colored people and tried to make them happy.

All the children were less than ten years old. Two of them were babies, too little to

walk. The white women carried these two in their arms to the pretty white cottage.

For six years, the little people were happy in their home on Twelfth Street. Then the white cottage was burned. But the young women did not let the children go back to the poorhouse. They took them to a small place in the country while they tried to find another home for them.

Two years later, the city gave the young women some land. Another home was built.



It was a large house with room for two hundred children. You see, these white women did not stop when they had helped the first eleven. As the years went by they found more and more orphans and poor homeless children. They took them into the large Home also.

For ten years Miss Murray and Miss Shotwell made life pleasant for their little colored friends at the new home. They found other white people who were willing to help the Negro children too. There were teachers and nurses and other helpers in the Home.

Then a sad thing happened. Some very unkind persons who did not like to see the Negroes happy in their good Home set the house on fire. Some of the children were in the school rooms with their teachers; the

babies were being cared for in their play rooms; and children who were ill were lying on their beds in the hospital. The mob broke down the front door and started fires in many rooms.

The superintendent was a white man named Mr. Davis. He learned what the mob had done. He stopped just long enough to make a short prayer, then he showed the poor frightened children how to march out of the burning house.

Can you think how the mob felt when those little Negro boys and girls marched out? Their only home was burning. Their clothes, their books, their toys and everything they had would soon be gone. But the children obeyed Mr. Davis and came out quietly. Even the babies made no sound as

the nurses carried them to a place where they would be safe.

All at once a little girl ran back into the burning building. The superintendent called to her, but she did not stop. Before anyone could find the courage to follow her, she came out again carrying a heavy load. Was it a child she had risked her life to save?

“No!” thought Mr. Davis. “It can’t be a child. The children are all out of the house.”

They saw her load was big and black. When they learned it was the Bible, those unkind people were ashamed of what they had done. This little girl loved the Bible enough to risk her life to save it from the fire!

If the white women and other friends had not been very brave, those two hundred children would have had no place to go and

nothing to eat. But Miss Murray and Miss Shotwell took the Bible and the children and found another place for them.

In 1907 a beautiful Home was built on a high hill overlooking the Hudson River. There is a large building in the center. It looks something like the home in the picture, but there are several cottages. The children live in the cottages. They go to school in the large building. There is a wonderful playground where the children can play in the fresh air and sunshine. They have little time to feel lonely or unhappy.



As long as Miss Murray and Miss Shotwell lived they worked for Negro children. The families they left behind are still carrying on the good work. The superintendent of the Home is Dr. Mason Pittman. He has been there twenty-three years. He is very proud of the Home and of the children who have lived there.

Nearly nine thousand children have been cared for since the two white women took those eleven Negroes from the poorhouse long ago. All who have lived in the Home love to visit there and to tell about the good times they enjoyed when they were small. Some of these men and women send money to help the Home take care of other orphans.

Every Sunday the children and their teachers have Sunday School. They still read

from the Bible every day in this Home. They love their Bible more than any other book.

They love to sing. The glee club from the Home has been singing over the radio for about eight years. These boys and girls sing over WJZ every Sunday morning at nine-thirty. They sing for churches and give many other programs in New York City.

Dr. Pittman says, "I like to hear the glee club sing. The children make fine music. I enjoy good music. Best of all, I like to hear them sing because I know they are happy when they are singing."

Dr. Pittman is a white man. He is giving his life to the work his parents and grandparents gave theirs—the joy of helping other people.

SOMETHING TO DO

1. Tell your class of a white person you know, who helps colored people.
2. Tell of a Negro who helps white people.
3. What can you do to help white people?
4. What can you do to help colored people?
5. How can people who have no money help others?
6. Which would you rather have:
 - (a) money or gifts from people who do not love you?
 - (b) friendship and kindness from people who have no money to give?

Gifts

A pleasant smile, a friendly voice,
A helping hand in time of need,
A cheery visit when I'm ill,
A book or paper I can read;
An understanding look or word,
A cup of water shared in love,
A flower from a trusting child—
All these are gifts from Heav'n above.



Signs In The Park

Near John Henry's house there was a beautiful park. The grass looked like a soft green carpet. Flowers nodded and waved gay greetings on each side of the clean sandy walks. There were swings and see-saws under the tall shade trees. There was a wading pond. The fountain in the center of the pond was a cool place to be near, even on the hottest days. It was fun to play in the park.

When they were tired of playing, the children loved to sit in the shade and enjoy



the beautiful park.

One morning Harold was almost late for school. In his haste, he did not fol-

low the path through the park. He went across the grass. He knew that jay-walking and cutting corners are not the best and safest plans, but he was in a hurry.

Another boy behind him followed Harold. Others saw the dim path and because it seemed to save a little time they, too, went across the grass. Soon the path was quite plain.

Mrs. Johnson saw the path. She told her boys and girls about it. "If people do not stop walking on the grass, it will be killed."

"Oh, the grass will grow and cover the path in no time when spring comes," said Harold.



“But people will go on walking there next spring. They will think it is a real path,” answered Betty.

“We can make some signs,” suggested John Henry. “We can put the signs where they begin walking on the grass.”

“Who wants ugly old signs?” asked Helen. “They always say, ‘Don’t! Don’t! Don’t!’ One says, ‘Don’t walk on the grass’; another says, ‘Don’t stand in the swings.’ They never tell us anything to *do*.”

“We can make our signs different,” answered Mary. “Wait a minute!” and she drew some large letters on paper. Then she held her paper so that all could see. “How is this?”

PLEASE USE THE SANDY WALKS

“Fine!” cried the boys and girls. Even Helen liked Mary’s sign.

The boys found some boards. The girls drew large letters on the boards. Mrs. Johnson found some black paint and a small brush.

While the signs were being made, Horace said, “Tell us a story, Mrs. Johnson.”

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson, please do,” said the other children.

“I shall be glad to tell you a story,” said Mrs. Johnson. “See if you can find your way to the park in my story. I wonder how many will want to walk on the grass in my park?”

“What kind of story will you tell?” asked Hor-



ace.

“I shall tell you the story of a small black boy,” answered Mrs. Johnson.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

1. The park does not belong to any one.
Why not walk where you choose?

2. If you were about to be late which
would you do:

Cut across the grass?

Use the walks, but hurry?

Go back home?

Take your time and not worry?

3. Which is worth more, the beautiful
park, or the time saved by a short cut? Why
do you think so?

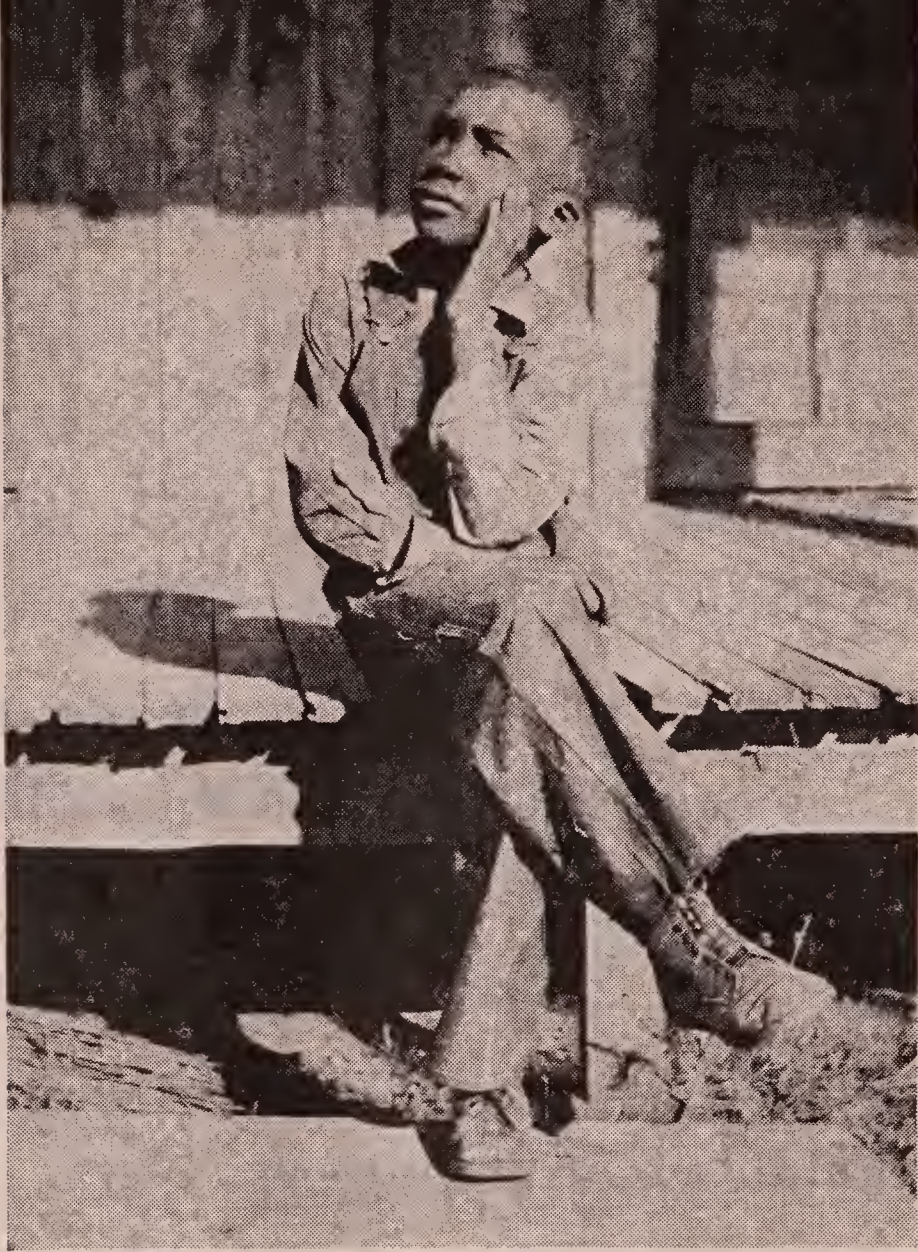
4. Have you a park near your school?
What can you do to help make a pretty park?

The Small Black Boy

Once there was a small black boy. He lived in a little house that had never felt the touch of a paint brush. It was a frightened looking house, sitting close to the cabins beside it. Up and down, on each side, the street was lined with unpainted houses. What a dusty place it was in dry weather; and what a mud-puddle when it rained!

On the other side of the little stream that ran near his kitchen door, was a spot that worried the small black boy. It was such a dirty spot. People brought their old tin cans, broken furniture, and waste-food there. They threw these on the ground. Every day, a new load was added.

It was a fine place for mosquitoes and



flies. Even the rats and mice found it nice. But the boy did not enjoy this spot.

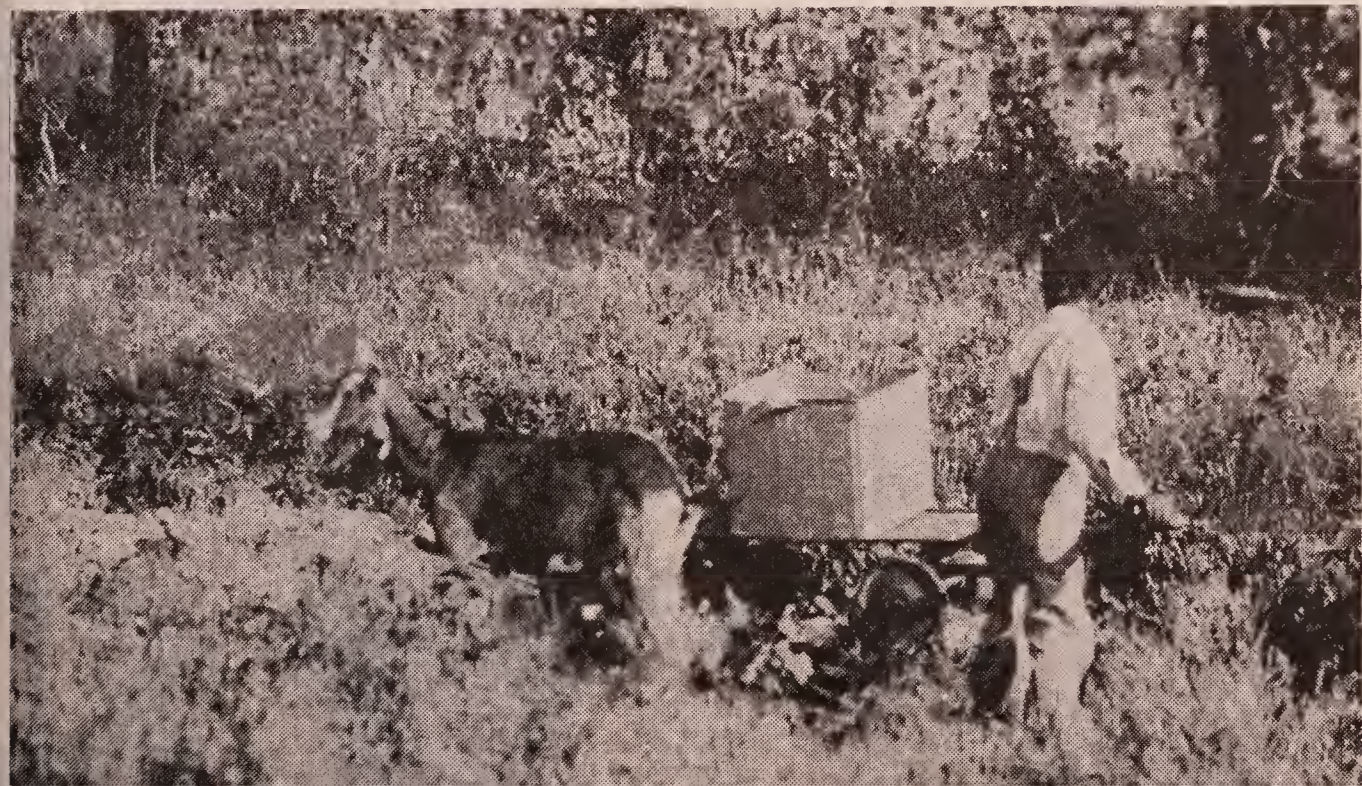
“Some day!” he said to himself. “Some day, I will clean up that place!”

High on a hill at the other end of town he could see the bright colored roofs of beau-

tiful homes. He liked to sit on the door step with his chin in his hand and dream of the homes up there.

The dump yard lay between him and the hill. By rolling his eyes high, he could almost look over it; but he could never quite forget that it was there.

And so, when he had dreamed awhile, he would get his wagon. It was a queer kind of wagon. Really, it was only a box on wheels. But it would hold dirt. The boy would load



it full. Then he would hitch his goat to it and away they would go to the dump yard. There he would carefully spread the dirt to cover as many cans as he could.

Every day, this little man tried to cover more cans. Because he was such a small young man, no one knew what he was doing. If people saw him down there they thought he was only playing. Long before his mother came home from work in the evening, he was too tired to work any more. She always found him sitting on the door step with his chin in his hand, looking toward the hill.

“Mother, what was it like up there today?” he would say.

His mother would stop and sit beside him.



Together they would look toward the hill and she would tell him what she had seen that day.

“The houses are large and comfortable. There are many windows to let in the light of the sun and the cool air. There are wide lawns covered with carpets of green grass. How you would love to lie on that soft grass under those big shady trees! All around, here and there, flowers bloom and send out their perfume. And the air! Oh, you can not imagine how clean and sweet it smells!”

The black boy would take a deep breath as if he were smelling the perfume in the air. His mother would go into the kitchen. Then the boy would put his chin in his hand, lift his eyes above the dump yard, and dream of the beauty on the hill.

Often he would sit until darkness hid the



ugly spot on the other side of the little stream. He loved to watch the lights on the hill. They seemed to smile at him and say, "Some day! Some day!"

Each morning the boy walked all around his little house. He called this his "morning hike." Of course he called it that only when he talked to himself.

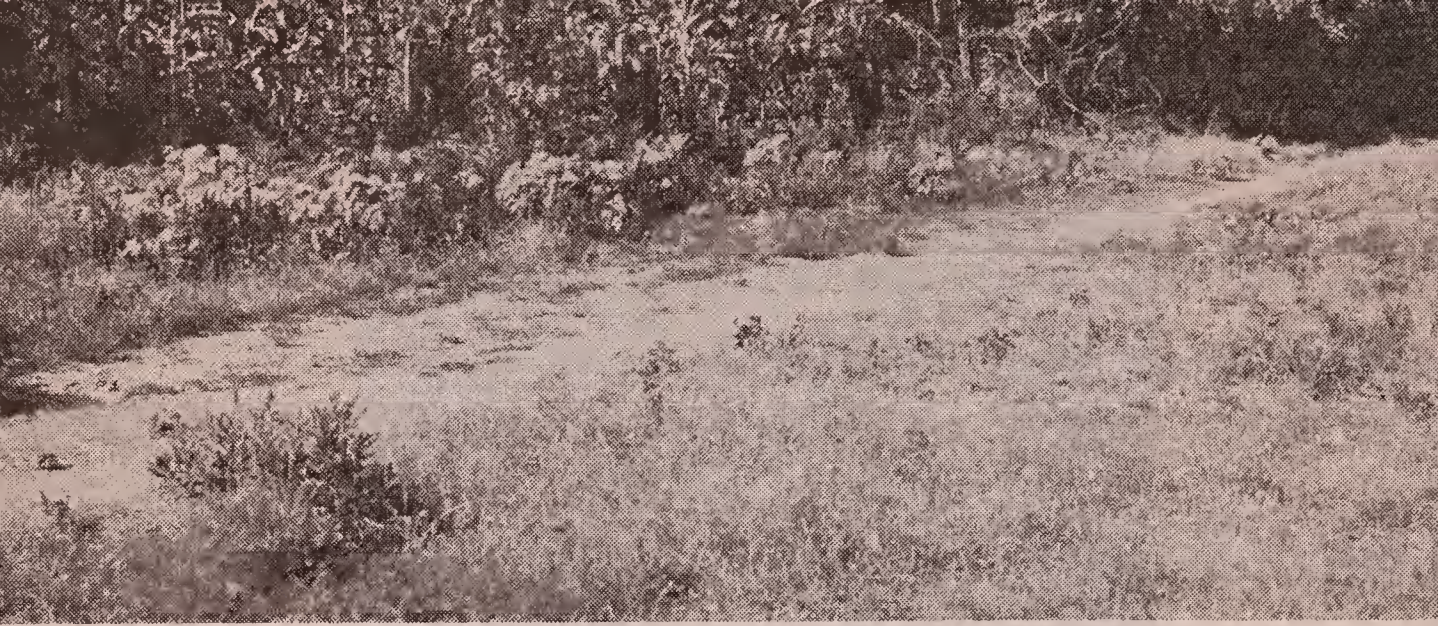
While on his "morning hike" the boy looked carefully in every corner of the yard. If he found a tin can or a piece of paper, or anything that should not be there, he put it in his box-wagon.

Then he hitched the goat to the wagon and away they went to the woods.

No one knew where he went. No one worried about him. His mother had gone up on the hill to work. She thought her small boy was safe at home playing with Billy, the goat, or dreaming with his chin in his hand. She would have been much surprised if she had known what he was doing.

It would have been easy to find out where the boy went. Every day the goat and





the wagon wore the path a little plainer. But no one followed the path.

No one knew that, far out in the woods, at least a mile from any house, there was a large hole in the ground. The dirt that came from this hole had been carefully spread on the waste in the dump yard. At first it was only a tiny hole; but because the small boy dug there every day, it had grown deeper and deeper. It had grown wider, too.

Far over in the deepest end, the small boy emptied his wagon. Then he took his hoe and covered the paper and cans. Next, he

filled the wagon with dirt and away he went once again.

Before noon, if you had looked, you would have seen that a few more cans had been covered on the other side of the stream.

One summer the small boy was six years old. "You can start to school in September," said his mother.

He wanted to go to school. He had seen the teacher when she came to visit his next door neighbor last winter. He had thought to himself, "She is the cleanest person I have ever seen. She looks kind and happy, too. I shall be glad when I can go to her school."

But when September came, it was hard to find time for his "dirt work," as he called it. Of course no person had heard him call it that. He did not talk to people about it. He talked only to himself and to Billy, the

goat; and the goat always kept the boy's secrets. The small boy would say, "Come, Billy, we must do our dirt work!" or "A little more dirt work, Billy, and that new load will be covered."

After he started to school he had to get up early so that he could do his "dirt work" before nine o'clock.

He hurried home after school each day to take another load or two. He was older now, and could work faster.

One day the teacher came to his home.



She saw how very clean his yard was. Some of the other yards on the street were not so clean. She saw the ugly spot on the other side of the stream.

She said to herself, "I shall walk over there on my way home. Perhaps I can think of something to do about that dump yard."

She saw the dirt covered places. She saw the path that led to the woods. "I will follow this little path," she thought. "I wonder where it goes?"

She came to the end of the path, and saw the big, deep hole. Over in the deepest end,



she saw a little hill. "What is that?" she said to herself. "It looks strange!"

When the teacher learned what was under the little hill, she stood still a long time. She seemed to be looking far away.

At last she drew a long breath and said, "I just can't figure it all out!"

As she followed the path away from the deep hole, she noticed that it divided. One path went toward the street where the small boy lived. The other path went toward the dump yard.

The teacher took the path that ran toward the street. "I must learn where this goes," she thought. "Perhaps it will help me to understand."

The small boy was surprised to see his teacher in the street near his house. "I thought she had gone home an hour ago," he

said to Billy as he hitched him to the wagon. "Maybe she stopped to visit some of the other boys and girls. We must hurry if we are going to do our dirt work today."

And away they went, the boy, the goat, and the little box-wagon, up the path and into the woods.

The teacher watched until the trees hid them from sight. She looked again at the clean yard. "Now I understand," she said. "But what a small boy for so big a task! What a brave little man he is!"

Every day during the next week the teacher came to the street. She saw the small boy and his goat, busy with their "dirt work"; but they did not see her. She talked with the mothers and fathers up and down the street. They made plans together; but they did not tell the boy about their plans.





The small black boy worked away, day after day, not knowing that there was a secret on his street.

On Saturday morning, the teacher had a talk with the mayor of the town. In her kind, quiet way, she told him the story of the small black boy. She said, “We want to help him. Will you help us? We will clean up that

place if you will see that no more trash is thrown there. We will make it a spot of which our town can feel proud.” Then she explained the secret plans that had been made by the boy’s neighbors.

The mayor said, “I shall look into this matter. I can not understand why we use that place for a dump yard, anyway. It is too close to town.”

“Thank you,” said the teacher. “You will find our people ready to do our part in making that a beauty spot instead of a home for mosquitoes and flies.”

When the teacher had gone, the mayor thought, “I’ll take a look at that dump yard. How do I know this story is true?”

Just as he arrived, the small boy and his goat came down the path. The mayor

watched him spread his dirt over the cans. He saw what a small boy it was. He remembered how the child had worked and worked to cover the cans. "I am going to help that black boy!" the mayor said. "I wish there were more people in the world like him!"

The following week, there was a story in the paper about the small black boy and his "dirt work." There was also an order from the mayor. It said:

"A new dump yard will be found a mile and a half north of town. Signs are being put up to point the way there. No more trash



is to be thrown on the old dump yard."

The small boy could not read the newspaper; so his mother read it to him. The order from the mayor made him very happy. "Now, I can soon have it all covered!" he cried.

"We are going to help you," said his mother. "Our plans are made. Every man, woman, and child in this part of town will be there tomorrow. If one small boy can do so much alone, think what all of us can do working together!"

The boy was up early the next morning. He took his "morning hike" and cleaned his yard quickly. He went to the woods with his trash. As he came down the path, he saw a strange sight. The old dump yard was alive with real wagons and teams and people! Such a hammering and pounding! Such laughing

and singing!

They put the larger pieces of cars and furniture on the wagons. They broke and pounded the rest together. They raked it to make it as level as they could. The wagons brought great loads of dirt.

In a few hours the cans were covered. The men spread loads and loads of rich soil on top of the cans. They brought large trees and set them in the ground in deep holes. Then they smoothed the fresh, clean dirt and planted grass and flowers.

While the work was going on across the stream, the boys and girls began to clean their own yards better. They found that by cleaning every day, it did not take long. Soon each yard was as clean as it could be, not just on Saturday or Sunday, but all the time.

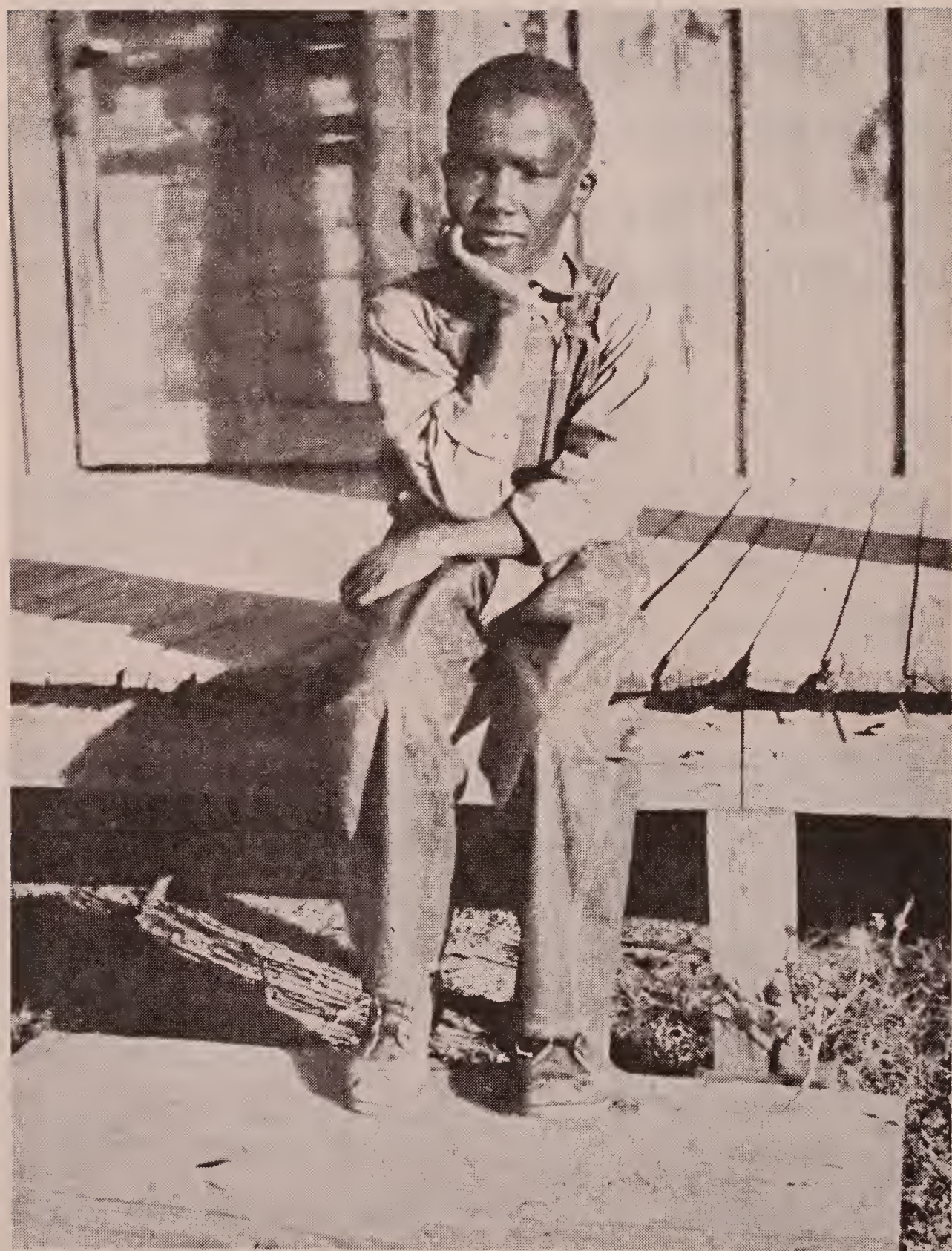
When summer came, the place where

the dump yard had been, was a very beautiful spot. How the small boy loved to look at the soft green grass! How cool and pleasant it was under the trees! How pretty the flowers were! How sweet the air smelled! It made him very happy.

Still there were times when he sat on the kitchen steps with his chin on his hand. Sometimes he looked at the beautiful park on the other side of the stream. Sometimes



he looked at the bright roofs on the hill. "Oh, how I wish our homes were beautiful, too!" he thought. He did not need to roll his eyes high now. They were bright and shining as he said to himself, "Some day!"



After The Story

“Mrs. Johnson, is that a true story about the small black boy?” asked Horace.

“Well, it could be a true story,” said Helen. “I wonder if that is how our park was begun?”

“Oh, that story could not be about our park,” replied Harold. “Stories like that are only make-believe.”

“The park is across the small stream from our houses,” suggested Helen. “I heard my mother say that there was once a dump yard where our beautiful park is now.”

“But the houses!” Harold said. “Where are the ugly houses? It can’t be a story of our own street. Our houses are painted and pretty.”

Mrs. Johnson smiled and said, "That is another story about the same black boy. What do you think he was dreaming of when he looked toward the hill? Why did his eyes shine when he looked at the bright colored roofs? What did he mean when he said to himself, 'Some day!' "

"But a small boy cannot paint houses!" Harold said.

John Henry suggested, "A small boy can not build a park alone; but he can do his part so well that others will want to help him. Booker T. Washington told us that we can



solve any problem if we stick to it and try.”

Betty said, “Booker T. Washington once told his students:

‘I never see bits of paper around a house or in the street that I do not want to pick them up. I never see a dirty yard that I do not want to clean it up. I never see a dirty, unpainted house that I do not want to paint it.’

“Perhaps the small boy felt as Booker T. Washington did. Perhaps he did find a way to paint his house as soon as he was old enough. Perhaps when his neighbors saw how pretty it looked, they painted their houses, too.”

“That is just what happened,” said Mrs. Johnson. “The small boy learned how to stick

to his work when he was little. He decided to make his town beautiful.

“When he was older, he worked and saved his money. At first it was very hard to find work. Whenever the small boy found work, he did it so well that people wanted him again.

“He built lovely lawns where grass and weeds had grown high. He shined shoes until they were like new. He ran errands more quickly than any one else. He was always honest and polite. He kept himself clean and cheerful.

“As he grew older he found better ways of making a living. But no matter what he did, he found a way to make his work beautiful. When he had saved enough to paint his own house, he helped his neighbor paint the house next door.



“Soon the street which had been so dusty and ugly, found itself lined with neatly painted houses with bright colored roofs. And all this came about because one small black boy had a dream of beauty and worked hard to make it come true.”

“He was a good color bearer,” said John Henry.

“Yes,” answered Mrs. Johnson. “He was a good color bearer. As you think of him I want you to remember that even a very small

person can change a whole town if he carries his colors high and walks straight ahead toward the place he wants to go.”

VOCABULARY STUDY

The total number of new words used in Book Three is 589, of which 53 starred below are forms of words appearing in Book One or Book Two.

Of the total 589 new words used in this book, 537 of them, including proper names and words used in quotations and poems, are listed by either Gates or Thorndike as belonging in the vocabulary of the first three grades. 91% of the words used are listed by Gates or Thorndike.

The average repetition of all words in this book is 18.7 times.

The total number of running words is 21,061. The ratio of running words to new words is 35.6.

The average number of new words per page is 2.7.

Only 82 words used in Books One and Two have been dropped.

Words not listed by either Gates or Thorndike as of third grade importance are:

allegiance	Li'l' Hannibal	Scout
arithmetic	molasses	selfish
Armstrong	mosquitoes	shawl
Booker	patter	slate
William H. Carney	Pilgrims	stripes
crease	platform	subtract
crisp	poppity-pop-pop	superintendent
dizzy	'Possum	syrup
dump	poster	tattle-tale
extra	prominent	trash
Fort Wagner	puddle	Tuskegee
Gr-r-r	Queen Victoria	United States
Hampton	regiment	vase
hike	Robert Gould Shaw	visitors
hitch	Saint*-Gaudens	waddle
indivisible	Sambo	wading
jay-walking	saucers	zi-i-ing
John Henry Jackson		

WORD LIST

New words are listed under the headings of stories in which they first appear, rather than by pages.

September

happiness

A New School

John Henry Jackson

family

birds

most

shirt

carefully*

feel

met

third

card

brought

seat

quite

comfortable

remember

each

front

hide

whispered

around

hid*

clapped

replied

list

How Well Did

You Read?

group

describe

cross

helpful*

tall

Lunch Time

lunch

soap

nails

dried

behind

held*

napkin

fork

vegetables

small

bites

quietly

finished

The Palace of Politeness

whose*

sisters

questions

hunt

through

path

led

fish

stream

forest

fanned

tails

faster

might

top

branch

happened

reached

trousers

air

shouted

rabbit

squirrels

Zip

followed

hurry

bushes

thick

knees

crawl

rocks

ahead*

suddenly

surprise

believe

watch

knocking

covered

cloth

strange

Peter

Sly Fox

'Possum

mittens

prominent

folks

Turtle

barked

chased

Pussy

queer

tongue

hanging

rough

condition

shell

shawl

bear

manners

Goose
patter
breath
waddle
enough
blinked
even
between
Gruff
act
bowed
folded
spoons
bowls
don't*
excuse
ashamed
imagine
rude
disgrace
knife
leave

Buying Books

cost
dollars
spend
purse
cars
safe
tipped
cap
store
pocket
arithmetic
add
piece
language
less
change
should
around

New Books

haste
quickly
sorry
directions
flat
crease
joins
fourth*
along*
alone
easily
library
born
subtract
interesting
salt
mines
marks
bugs
snakes
cabin
slate
stick
Booker*
during.
taught*
Washington
useful*

A Book

fame
garments
lace
station
cheer
silent
fear

More About Booker T. Washington

ill
busy

else
dinner
basket
kitchen
tub
students
glass
hole
few
tin
cups
course
corn
perhaps
fat
later
potato
pot
picked
fingers
molasses
treat
poured
spoonfuls*
spread
tasted
anything*
world
flies
start
forth*
promise
moment
Queen Victoria
England
invited
President
United States
inches
square
ruler
measure
sheet

dot
edge

The College Examination

waved
agreed
arrived
spoke
curtains
vase
earned
College
Examination
Hampton
heart
suppose
indeed*
jobs
explain
cent
among
tramp
chance
broom
furniture
dusted
bench
shelf
handkerchief
rubbed
bit*
fail
twenty

A Good Citizen

Zi-i-ing
flag
salute
pledge
allegiance
America
Republic
nation

indivisible
liberty
justice
country
march
choose
citizen
decide
belong*
winner
cheerful*
loser
shakes
team
boast
ball
parents
visitors
cultivate
hate
permit
matter
wrong
soldier
touches
passes

John Henry's Surprise

scarcely
ears
recess
noticed
served
quarrel
spring
loaded
buds
daisy
tiptoe
east
west
tattle-tale
troubled

ugly
trash
practice
pardon
pride
almost*
company
strangers*
vote
pleasant
mistake
waste-paper
taken*
walls

Color Bearers

chosen*
meant
brave
loyal
terrible
fought
against
regiment
Massachusetts
Colonel Robert
Gould Shaw
sons
travel
chin
plain
William H. Carney
army
Fort Wagner
mud
enemy's
guns
alive*
battle
doctor
monument
Saint-Gaudens
mayor
Boston

governor
platform
bands
foolish
selfish
settle

Color Bearers for The Race

Hello
real
prove
different
leads*
peace
instead
backward*
wise
person
Scout
parade
troop
banner
gold
easy*
art
envy
strength
confidence
soil
shame
least
forward*
luck
lazy
reasons

Planning a Library

library
build
lumber
riddle
difference*
painted

idea
rather
eleven
candy
suggested
October
report
secret
poster
Hurrah

Making Popcorn Balls

sugar
waxed
syrup
packages
hundred
ninety-five*
string
apron
stirred
thread
spider's
web
hum
crack
popity-pop-pop
crisp
mixed
grain
cool
shaped
wrapped
fresh
struck
fifty
multiply
figure
worried
compare
solved
problem

Good Reports

eager
forty-five*
several
numbers

Extra Money

extra
noon
truck
sixty-eight*
thirty
left
orange
fifteen
Hallowe'en
gay
Tuskegee
umbrella
roof
raised
bricks
fourteen*
example

Thanksgiving

November
turkey
enjoy
Pilgrims
pair
season
health
sincerely
wonder

Black Sambo and Li'l Hannibal

saucers
flew
break
screamed
straw
won't

silly
 awful
 worst
 soap-bubble*
 toward
 admit
 clown
 journey
 alas
 character
 'Fetching and toting'
 shook
 trembled
 tigers
 cages
 Gr-r-r
 growled
 dizzy
 whirling
 stripes
 half
 gently
 angry

Friends Who Help

Mr. Armstrong
 plantations
 lawyer
 business

John Little

January
 Mississippi River
 largest
 melting
 snow
 rushing
 banks
 miles
 floor
 drowned
 roaring
 caught
 blew

frozen
 boat
 except
 canoe
 weather
 freezing
 tiny
 rowed
 darkness*
 icy
 oars
 ax
 hammer
 dug
 body
 hospital

Helping Homeless Children

New York City
 Murray
 Shotwell
 cottage
 shaded
 chestnut
 shelter
 orphans
 willing*
 nurses
 lying*
 mob
 superintendent
 frightened
 safety*
 smoke
 Hudson
 center
 glee club
 radio

Gifts

shared
 trusting
 above

Signs In The Park

carpet
 greetings
 sandy
 swings
 wading
 pond
 fountain
 jay-walking
 dim
 worth

The Small Black Boy

neighbors
 mud-puddle*
 stream
 rats
 nice
 end
 dump
 wagon
 wheels
 hitch
 evening*
 lawns
 bloom
 perfume
 smells
 hike
 wider*
 grown*
 emptied
 hoe
 winter
 divided
 goes*
 sight
 task
 thrown*
 order
 pounding
 raked

level
planted

After the Story

weeds
errands





